

# New York Saturday Journal

A HOME WEEKLY

FOR WINTER NIGHTS  
AND  
SUMMER DAYS.

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Vol. V.

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams,  
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 6, 1875.

TERMS IN ADVANCE (One copy, four months, \$1.00.  
One copy, one year, . . . 3.00.  
Two copies, one year, . . . 5.00.)

No. 256.

## THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

From the German of Uhland.

BY HAP HAZARD.

Say, hast thou seen the castle  
That towers near the sea?  
Above it, gold and purple,  
The clouds sail tranquilly.

It bows all low, in seeming,  
Beneath the limpid flood;  
Fain would it mount to rival  
The sunset-crimsoned cloud.

Of late I've seen the castle  
That looms far o'er the tide,  
The moon above it hanging,  
The mist on every side.

The wind and ocean billow—  
Say, rolled their chant along?  
And, from the high halls sounding,  
Blent harp with festal song?

The wind had sunk in slumber,  
The billow lost its surge,  
From out the halls of splendor,  
I heard with tears a dirge.

Saw you a royal couple  
Upon the turrets brow?  
The sweep of purple mantle—  
The glint of golden crown?

And led they forth a maiden  
Resplendent like the sun,  
With hair in flowing masses,  
Like threads of sunlight spun?

Ah! both the parents saw I,  
Not decked with crowns, I ween,  
But draped in somber vestments—  
No maiden walked between!

## Old Bull's-Eye,

THE LIGHTNING SHOT OF THE PLAINS.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RANCHO BELLE AND THE FATED GUEST.

"Quiet, Loleite—what is the matter with you to-day?"

With these words the rider leaned forward and soothingly stroked the gleaming, proudly-arched neck of the snorting mustang—a beautiful cream and white spotted animal.

It was a charming picture thus formed; the spirited "paint mustang," every nerve aquiver, like a bird just ready to rise upon the wing, yet subject to the small, firm hand of the maid on who he rode with the graceful ease and skill of one born to the saddle.

After a sharp gallop of several miles, the mustang had abruptly halted, snorting suspiciously, just as they were entering a small clump of trees and undergrowth through which the trail wound. And as the maiden cast her eyes around in search of what had alarmed Loleite, a half-suppressed exclamation parted her lips.

A dark figure suddenly sprang up from the dense undergrowth, and leaping forward securely grasped the bridle-reins. After a momentary struggle Loleite yielded to the strong clutch upon her nostrils, and stood still, conquered.

"What do you mean, *ladron*? Release my horse, or—!" cried the maiden, raising her riding-whip threateningly.

"Use white man's lingo, little one—I can't understand Greaser gibberish," roughly responded the man, instinctively throwing one arm before his face to guard against the expected stroke. "An' you keep that switch quiet. 'Twasn't made for whippin' humans. I know 'tain't polite to handle a female critter rough, but don't do that—you might git hurt. Better take things easy—it's the best way."

"Do you know who I am?" demanded the lady, in slightly accented English, her whip-hand slowly sinking.

"Don't I? 'Tany rate I've see'd ye often enough. Don't s'pose you remember me, though I reckon you've see'd me a thousand times. I war one o' your pap's herders, ontel he sent me adrift, fust givin' me a taste o' rawhide fer—as he said—helpin' the reds run off some o' his cattle. I swore then I'd make him pay gold fer every lick, an' so I will. This is the very chance I've been lookin' fer, this month past. I knowed you'd come this way sooner or later, an' I've bin layin' low fer ye. I've got ye now, safe an' sound."

"What is your object—what do you intend doing?" quietly asked the maiden, as she almost imperceptibly shifted the whip in her hand until its golden head hung downward.

"Money—or revenge; I don't justly know which," slowly replied the ruffian, his blood-shot eyes roving gleamingly over the beautiful face and superbly-molded figure of his captive. "I thought I'd hold you captive ontel the old man, de Sylva, kem down generous wi' the dubs, but I don't know now. You're a like-ly-lookin' gal, an' I hain't hed a squaw—"

The coarse speech, rendered even more insulting by the leer that accompanied it, was abruptly cut short. Quick as thought the lady's arm rose and descended, the gold knob upon her whip striking the ruffian full in the face so forcibly that a jet of blood followed the stroke. Her blood fairly ran fire at the insult, the maiden plied the whip with wonderful force and rapidity, at the same time using her spurs freely, in hopes that Loleite would break loose and ride over the villain. Yet, despite the stinging blows, the hot blood that ran into his eyes, the outlaw held the mustang with a grip of iron, while attempting to shield his face from the whip with the other.

"Cuss you fer a wildcat!" he snarled, angrily. "I'll make you pay big fer this—jest wait ontel I git you—"

At this moment he succeeded in grasping



With a cry of encouragement, the cavalier dashed forward, holding a revolver in his hand.

the whip and wrenched it from the maiden's hands, tossing it, broken, into the bushes. Despite her courage, the maiden felt her heart sicken as she found herself disarmed, and for the first time she raised her voice in a cry for help, forgetting that she was miles from home and friends. Yet a clear, mellow voice made answer, and turning her head, she distinguished the figure of a horseman, rapidly advancing.

A furious curse from the ruffian told that he had noticed the rider, and for a moment he seemed about to plunge into the undergrowth in hasty flight. But then, as a second glance showed him that the horseman was alone, the old insolent look returned, and, with an oath, he drew a revolver from his belt and cocked it.

"Ef you kear much fer that spark yender, gal, you'd best tell him to keep to his own trail, fer ef he 'tempts to interfere with my affairs, down he goes ef he was the king himself," sullenly growled the squat Hercules.

"Help, senor—but be cautious—the villain is armed!" cried the lady, causing Loleite to rear and plunge, thus causing the first shot of the outlaw to speed far from its mark.

With a cry of encouragement, the cavalier dashed forward, holding a revolver in his hand but making no attempt to use it, evidently fearful of injuring the lady, while the cursing ruffian emptied chamber after chamber of his weapon without checking the stranger's charge.

The blood that streamed over his face, or the restless movements of Loleite in obedience to the touches of her mistress's spurs, must have disturbed his aim, for apparently not one of the six bullets touched the horseman, who swiftly advanced, and, with his revolver almost touching the outlaw's head, discharged two shots in rapid succession. Without a groan the man dropped to the ground—a faint, convulsive quivering, then the roughly-clad figure lay still.

"You have killed him!" murmured the maiden, as she checked the affrighted plungings of Loleite.

"The dog deserved it for daring to molest you, lady," replied the cavalier, in a quiet tone. "He would not be satisfied with less. But he is not worth your regrets. May I ask what caused him to assault you?"

"He was a discharged vaquero, I believe, and declared that he would hold me for a heavy ransom. But, senor, are you injured?"

"No—thanks to your presence of mind. If the rascal had not kept hold of your bridle he might have shot better. But I am very well satisfied as it is," and the cavalier laughed pleasantly.

"I have not thanked you, senor, but it is because I cannot find words to express my gratitude. My father will know how—you will give him the opportunity!" "Tis but a few miles distant to our home."

"Thanks, lady, are embarrassing to one who has done nothing to deserve them. A kindly thought, now and then, is all I ask. But pardon my forgetfulness. My name is Crescino Montalado—I am bound for Santa Fe, on business. May I ask—?"

"You have earned the right, Don Montalado," smiled the lady. "My name is Anita de Sylva; my father has a cattle rancho beside the Arroyo Florez. He will be most happy to become acquainted with you. Shall we ride on, senor?"

"With pleasure. I did intend passing my night with the broad canopy of heaven for a coverlet, but—please do not think me too prosaic—a bed beneath a friendly roof is much more to my liking," laughed the cavalier.

"And that—" glancing toward the motionless body.

"Let it lie for the coyotes or vultures—fit grave for one who dared to insult you, lady. Or—we can send out a party from the rancho to bury it, if you prefer."

Side by side the couple rode away from the spot. An artistic eye would have dwelt upon them with pleasure. The fierce, spirited animals, gayly caparisoned; the easy, graceful attitudes of the riders, together with their rich, bright and picturesque dress—all was in perfect keeping.

Anita de Sylva was of that rare type of beauty in a Spaniard of pure blood—a blonde; but when met with they are almost invariably lovely beyond description. Her figure was tall and of such just and noble proportions that one was not so much struck by its unusual height as by the flexible grace, the undulating wavings and balancings of its motions. Her complexion was clear, yet not dazzlingly white; a healthful glow suffused her cheeks, perhaps deepened by the complimentary speeches so softly spoken by the handsome cavalier riding beside her. Her eyes, when at rest, were of a deep, soulful blue that changed with strong emotion to almost black. Her hair, a rich, golden yellow, she wore coiled round her crown in a massive plat, secured by a gleaming golden arrow. Her dress was of some light, yet stout material, and differed greatly from the habit

one usually expects an equestrian to wear, inasmuch as the skirt was very short, barely reaching the knee, open in front to the waist. Beneath this was a pair of Turkish trousers, or "bloomers," full and flowing, tight at the ankle, where they met tiny blue kid boots, that must have cost a fortune in that out-of-the-way place. These were each armed with a sharp golden spur, and rested in the silver-plated stirrups, for Senorita Anita rode *a la Mexicana*, or, in vulgar parlance, "man-fashion."

Nor was it an unpleasant picture, though doubtless it would have attracted as much notice and comments in our fashionable circles as would the sight of a lady in a side-saddle in her portion of the globe.

Don Crescino Montalado seemed a fitting escort for the beauty of Arroyo Florez, though, had he not been mounted upon the big "States horse," it would have been seen that he was but little if any taller than the lady. Of slender, yet rounded and symmetrical build, he seemed almost effeminate, with his clear olive skin, the large, wondrously soft black eyes, the red lips, and white teeth, the profusion of blue-black hair that hung in slightly-curling locks over his shoulders, despite the black, closely-trimmed mustache that shaded his arched mouth. Yet his rescue of Anita proved that he did not lack a full share of manly courage.

Riding along the couple conversed pleasantly, this novel introduction having killed that reserve generally found between recent acquaintances. They soon came in view of the rancho, a long, low, massively-built structure, with flat roof adorned with a variety of plants and flowers. A stout stone wall surrounded the building and formed a spacious court before it. Beyond could be seen portions of the extensive corrals, and several smaller buildings, also protected with stout stockades, showed where the numerous herders and other retainers of the wealthy cattle-raiser were quartered.

Don Montalado was warmly received by de Sylva—a tall, stately, gray-haired Spanish gentleman—when Anita hastily made known the service he had rendered her.

A couple of servants were dispatched to the

spot where the affray had taken place, with orders to bury the ruffian, but they returned in a couple of hours, with the tidings that no body could be found. They found the marks of the scuffle, a pool of blood, and then marks that led them to believe the rascal had dragged himself along the trail into the undergrowth where he had left his horse, had contrived to mount and ride off. They followed his trail until it was lost upon a tract of ground on which a drove of de Sylva's horses had been driven to pasture.

As twilight fell, the trio—Don de Sylva, Anita, and Montalado—ascended to the azotea, each enjoying their cigarettes while conversing.

"You ask what my business may be at Santa Fe," at length uttered Montalado, speaking in a low, measured, but distinct tone. "I will tell you, freely, for it does not seem that we are other than old and tried friends. Yet it involves a not very pleasant story, though you may possibly have heard something similar to it before."

"Twenty years ago, more or less, a man, woman and child came into Santa Fe, and settled down there. The man appeared to have command of plenty of money, and spent it with a lavish hand. For nearly a year he was very attentive to the lady, his wife; so much so indeed that he was quoted as a model of conjugal devotion and fidelity. But this soon changed. He began to frequent the gaming

saloons, to drink heavily, to spend far more time and money with those who were notorious even in that city of loose morals, than he did with his family. And then, too, tales were told of his ill-treating her—of his cursing and even beating his wife. Well, after a long run of ill-fortune at the tables, he struck a golden vein and broke the heaviest bank in town—pocketing nearly one hundred thousand dollars, the reward of one sitting. And then he disappeared. At first 'twas said he was murdered—but finally it came out that he had run away with a certain woman. All trace was lost; the deserted wife could learn nothing further of him. Left without money, she nearly starved—she and her child. Then she, too, disappeared and was lost sight of for years."

"Now comes my part in the little drama. I was living in the city of Mexico. A woman came to me and claimed relationship, finally proving that she was my aunt, whom we had all believed dead, for years. She told us this story—of her trials and sufferings since, but which surely cannot interest you, senor. She made me swear to avenge her wrongs—to seek out and punish the man who had so deeply wronged her. I promised. She then bade me visit Santa Fe and seek out one Father Justin, a priest, in whose care she had left papers and proofs to substantiate her story. This, senor, is the object of my journey."

"Did she tell you the man's name?" asked de Sylva.

"Yes; Antone Barillo."

"And she said that he was her—her husband?"

"With her dying breath she swore it—and kissed the holy cross even as her lips chilled in death, senor."

"The child—what did she say of it?"

"That it was stolen away from her, within the year of her desertion; she believed by her husband."

"No—no, she was mistaken—that is, it does not seem probable that such a man would trouble himself about a child for whom he could have felt little love, else he would never have deserted them in the first place," hastily uttered de Sylva.

"Very true, senor. But did you never hear of this man?"

"Never—never until now. The name is strange to me. But 'tis growing late. Anita, you had better retire. Don Montalado, you will find your apartment ready for you, at any time. I must beg your indulgence—this cool air is not good for my lungs—an old affection, which must be humored."

"No apologies, senor, I beg. I will smoke a cigar or two, and then follow your example, for I must continue my journey early in the morning."

After father and daughter had disappeared below, Montalado lighted a fresh cigar and stood leaning against the parapet, gazing steadily out upon the night. Yet it was evident that his reflections were anything but pleasant, for broken sentences dropped unconsciously from his lips, mingled with more than one imprecation, with which the Spanish vocabulary is so plentifully supplied.

"She was right—this is the man!" were words that a keen ear might have caught. "The darkness hid his face, but I could see that he trembled—and his voice, too. I must keep my oath—and yet—I could love that girl! Bah!" he abruptly added, shaking his head impatiently, "Don Crescino Montalado, you are a fool!"

For full an hour he remained motionless; then, throwing away the stump of his cigar, he noiselessly descended the stone steps into the building. Though in the dark, he stole along like one who knew every foot of the way, no echo betraying his progress. Then he paused before a door and listened. All was still. Gently he tried and then opened it.

A lamp, turned low, was burning dimly upon a table, beside the bed. In this bed slept Senor de Sylva, his gray hair and bronzed features contrasting strongly with the snowy pillow. A careworn expression rested upon his face, his brow was wrinkled and contracted.

The young man glided forward with the noiseless step of a panther creeping upon its prey, and bent over the slumberer. At this moment de Sylva stirred uneasily. Like a flash Montalado clapped a hand over the Spaniard's lips and nostrils. With a look of horror the old man's eyes opened, only to behold the bright blade of a cuchillo bending over his head.

Swiftly the steel descended—a dull thud—a faint struggle—then all was still—still as death!

## CHAPTER V.

A WOMAN'S VENGEANCE.

"So—act first of our little drama," muttered the assassin, as he paused at the door to glance back upon his work.

Not a sound or motion came from the bed. The dim light faintly revealed the head and shoulders of the victim, rendering even more terrible the look of horror that had overspread de Sylva's countenance as he recognized his peril. And the large diamond that ornamented the knife-hilt flashed, and sparkled like the eyes of some venomous serpent.

"The first trick is ours—now to arrange for the second. If he has not failed me—the clumsy brute had his directions plain enough, but 'tis hard to beat sense into a wooden head," added the assassin, as he carefully closed the door behind him and stealthily glided along the wide hall.

"Who comes?" demanded a low voice, from the front.

"'Tis I," was the soft reply. "I am glad to see that you can be trusted, Pepe. Be sure you will be generously remembered when our work is completed. And now—is all well without? The retainers have—"

"The way is clear, master," respectfully replied the old man. "Nearly all the cattle are corralled, and those at large are so far distant on their ranges that you need fear no interruption from the *vaqueros*. And all the servants have retired to their quarters this two hours past."

"Very well—open, then, and keep a good look-out. Unless I return within an hour, you can close up," said Montalado.

The treacherous porter noiselessly unbarred and unchained the massive doors, and following the young man, performed the same service for him at the gate of the outer wall. Then Montalado glided silently away in the gloom that the myriads of twinkling stars failed to dissipate.

Crouching down beside a shrub, Montalado busied himself for a few moments with a small flask, after which he produced from beneath his cloak a little ball. Opening this, a spark of fire was revealed, which, carefully fanned by his breath, speedily burst into a flame. Then a brilliant, star-like point of flame was raised at full length of his arm. He had touched the glowing tinder to a "spit-ball" of moistened powder.

"Ha! there is the answer—then he *did* carry my message correctly," muttered Montalado, casting aside his signal-light as a similar one appeared amid the darkness ahead. "Now to see what her plans are."

Gliding forward, he soon reached the point where the answering light had been burned, beneath a small clump of the graceful *algobias*. A figure, shrouded in a long, dark cloak, stepped forward and said, in a low, not unpleasant voice.

"You are late—I have been waiting here for full an hour."

"I had work to do, as you well know."

"And you—you have not failed?" eagerly.

"I do not often fail in what I attempt—nor have I in this. I have struck the first blow."



Your suspicions were correct. This de Sylva, as he calls himself, is the man for whom you have searched so many years."

"You are sure—tell me all—everything!" "Kansas Dave might have saved me that trouble, in part, but never mind. The night is before us. Listen, then. You know that I have been lurking around here for nearly a week—with Kansas Dave. Until to-day I was not given a chance. Day before yesterday Luis de Sylva, and his friend, the American, left for a hunt, and so, to-day, the girl had to ride alone. I put Dave in ambush. He played his part to perfection. I came up just at the critical moment; Dave fired above my head; I played the same trick and left him for dead—that is, I did. Of course the lady was grateful—invited me home—and equally of course I accepted, seeing this was just the end I was working for. Well, I satisfied myself that we were upon the right trail—told the senior an affecting story that made him betray himself, and finally wound up by using my knife."

"You did not kill him—without letting him know—"

"I followed your instructions to the very letter," quietly interrupted Montalado. "I stole into his room and covered his nostrils and lips with a rag soaked in chloroform, but he opened his eyes and recognized me before I used the knife. After the story I told him, he must have known that I had been playing with him. But let that pass. What is done cannot be undone. The question now is, have you changed your mind since we last met? Am I to carry off the girl?"

"I have changed it in this—that we will strike one grand blow, instead of in detail. When you left, Red Hawk was gone, and with him nearly his whole band, and it was uncertain when he would return. Well, he has returned, and with more than double his old force. He met the Kiowa chief, Opishka Koki, and their force is now one band. They contemplate a grand raid through Texas and across the border, but consented to aid me in my revenge, first. Part of them are now on the trail of Luis de Sylva, and his friend; the others are awaiting my signal."

"Then you mean to—"

"To keep my oath of vengeance this night. We will carry the house, butcher her servants—kill, burn, destroy!" fiercely hissed the other; and the voice sounded more like the snarl of a maddened wild beast than that of a human being.

"Hush! you must be more careful; there is no telling who may be prowling around, and if the alarm is once given and the house secured, not all the forces of the Red Hawk could make an impression upon it. You must command your temper better—it is such fits of madness that have ruined your plans and hopes throughout life," a little sharply said the young man.

"Think of all my wrongs, think how terribly I have suffered, and all through him, the fiend incarnate! I tell you, Car—"

"Don't Crespino Montalado, please, until this job is done," half laughed the youth. "But there—I did not mean to laugh. I know well what sufferings you have undergone, and all through this man who now calls himself Senor de Sylva. I know, and I have promised to help you to revenge. I will still keep my word, but first, tell me what fate you have in store for his daughter, the lady Anita?"

"Why do you ask? What is she—what can she be to you?" almost fiercely demanded the other.

"Nothing—she can be nothing, as you say. And yet, I will tell you that I could love that girl. She is good, pure, noble-hearted—an angel of light beside you and I!"

"Will miracles never cease! You are growing tender-hearted—your, the tiger's cub, growing sentimental over a yellow-haired, doll-faced baby!"

"Baby or not, you will find in her an enemy not to be despised, if ever you meet face to face and unmasked."

"If—but she will not have the chance. This night clips her wings. I counted upon your aid, but I can do without it. Only, if you desert me now, my curse—"

"Stop—words are easy spoken, but hard to recall. What cause have I given you to talk thus? Your cause is mine, and I will not turn back now that my hand is to the handle. And yet, when I think of her, and think of what might have been if—But there. Enough of this folly. You did not answer my question. What do you intend doing with Anita de Sylva?"

"Red Hawk has seen her, and says—"

"He—the hideous, foul-mouthed brute! Mother, as God hears me, if that ruffian dares to so much as look at Anita de Sylva, with a thought to possess her, I will kill him, though by doing so I seal my own death-warrant. You—and I, as well—have sworn the death of this family, one and all, and if you hold me to my oath, I cannot prove false to it. But, though I have to use the knife myself, Anita shall not be wronged by Red Hawk, nor any of his followers. Surely one death is enough for your vengeance; you need not make her suffer death twice over."

"Well, let the matter drop. It is a subject for afterthought, and need not interfere with our work at present. You have arranged matters so that we need not storm the house? Though strong enough, if we can accomplish our object without loss to our side, so much the better. How is it?"

"The way is open. When you bade me come here, I had an eye to what might happen, and so sent Pepe ahead. He played his part well, and is now a servant inside. To-night he made the porter drunk, and is acting in his place. He will open the door at my signal."

"Good! you are my child, after all. But now, better go. You must be inside, to look after your new sweetheart—ha! ha!—or the dainty bird might come to harm, for the Red Hawk will flesh their hills deeply to-night."

"If they fly too high, mother, I know how to clip their wings. Remember, when you see a small fire-ball hung over the wall, you are to advance, on foot and in silence. Pepe will be ready to let you in. After that you know what to do. I will go first and scout around the men's quarters, for if the alarm spread too soon, there are enough of them to give you serious trouble."

"Don't be long, child. I have waited for my revenge through near a score of long, weary years, and now that it is within reach, I am on fire to grasp it."

"In half an hour, at the most, you shall see the signal."

Montalado turned and glided rapidly away toward the quarters where the herders, whose "off night" it was, were sleeping. The young man gave evidence of no mean skill as a scout and spy, as he noiselessly inspected the buildings, listening at the stockade, and then, satisfied that no one was upon the alert, he adroitly scaled the barrier, dropping inside. He had a double object in this. One was to ascertain beyond doubt that the herders were soundly

slumbering, the other was to insure an easy entrance to the Red Hawk's, so that they might crush the herders before they had time to fairly realize the danger that threatened. This Montalado accomplished by removing and concealing the massive bars that supported the folding gates. Then he glided toward the main building.

A low whistle assured Pepe, the false servant, that it was his real master who came, and the gate was opened.

"Leave it unlocked, good Pepe," said Montalado, in a low tone. "Our friends the Red Hawks will be here in a few minutes. Is all quiet within?"

"Si, señor," respectfully replied the man. "There is not a soul stirring, and only the snoring of drunken Rafael to be heard. The Hawks will find an easy prey this time, as well as a fat one. The old man can count his doubloons by the thousands, and the silver plate—"

"Hush—your tongue runs too freely, Pepe. Has been at the strong water with old Rafael, I judge. But there—I leave you here until I come back. Get your fire-ball ready, and—"

A bright flash, a sharp report, and Montalado staggered back with a quick cry, stumbling and falling to the floor. And then a dark form leaped forward and buried a long knife to the very hilt in Pepe's throat.

"Ha! old Rafael, drunk and snoring, may be, but not such a fool as ye think, ye dogs!" chuckled the porter.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 255.)

## An Awful Mystery:

OR,  
SYBIL CAMPBELL, THE QUEEN OF THE ISLE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Mine, after life! What is mine after life?"

My day is close. The gloom of night is come! A hopeless darkness settles over my fate."

—JOANNA BAILLIE.

"Willard! Willard! Willard!"

With his own name breathing in his ears by the voice he never expected to hear again; with the small, fair face, the deep, blue eyes, and waving, golden hair of Christie bending over him, Willard Drummond lay, scarcely daring to breathe, unable to speak, gazing with wild, wondering, incredulous eyes upon the angel-face he had never expected to behold on earth more.

"Willard! Willard! My own Willard! Only say what you know! I die! I die! I die!" he cried, his voice rising in a tone of wild, desperate appeal. "I die! I die! I die!"

He pressed his hands to his forehead, like one in a dream.

"Am I mad?" he said, slowly. "or am I dead, and see Christie again in the world of spirits?"

"Willard! Willard! we both live! Oh, Willard, thank God, you were spared the guilt of my death! Oh, Willard! I am not dead; do not, do not look at me so wildly!"

"Can this be only the delirium of a dream?" he said, passing his hand over his brow, in the same troubled and bewildered way.

No, it was not a dream! No phantom of the imagination ever could have clasped him with such yearning, clinging arms; ever could have held his head on such a warm, throbbing breast; ever could have looked into his face with such passionate, undying love; ever could have showered upon him such passionate caresses.

He awoke to the reality, at last. Springing up in the bed where he lay, he gazed upon her as if doubting the evidence of his senses.

"Oh, Willard! Oh, my husband! I am not dead; I was only wounded! I live still to say I forgive you all that is past!"

"Great Heaven! am I sane or mad?" he said, in a low, deep, wandering voice.

She approached, caught both his hands in hers, and kneeling down before him, said:

"Willard, look at me! feel my hands! my face! Listen to my words! see me kneeling before you! and believe I am your own faithful, loving Christie still!"

"Then she may be saved yet!" was his wild cry, as, unheeding the slender girl kneeling at his feet, he sprang from the bed, with the one thought of Sybil ever, ever uppermost in his mind.

"Who, Willard?"

"Sybil! Sybil! my wronged Sybil!"

At his words, the past, the dreary, wretched past came back, and Christie's head dropped heavily on his bed.

He was scarcely in his right senses yet, but the action, and, above all, the necessity of haste, restored him to himself; and stunned, bewildered, giddy with many emotions, he sunk into a chair, and strove to collect his thoughts.

"I know not yet, whether I am sleeping or waking," he said, incoherently. "Christie—where are you? Come here; let me see you again, that I may know whether all this is not a vision of a disordered brain, that will fade away as many a similar one has done."

She arose, and with a face as perfectly colorless as a snow-wreath, stood before him.

He took her hand, so small, and warm, and transparent that it looked like an infant's; and pushing back the fine golden hair of the full white brow, gazed long and earnestly into the depths of the large blue eyes, so unexpressively sad, so deeply reproachful, now. So long did he gaze that Christie's eyes fell at last, and the golden lashes swept her cheeks, while the "eloquent blood" mantled for a moment to her snowy brow.

"Yes, this is Christie: alive still, and yet so long mourned for as dead!" he said, slowly. "This is strange; this is wonderful! Christie, how came this to pass? How is it that after so many months given up for dead, I find you alive still in this forest cot?"

"Oh, Willard! Willard! can you ask after that dreadful night?" she said, in a tone of unutterable sorrow and reproach.

"That dreadful night? What dreadful night, Christie?" he said, looking bewildered.

"Oh, Willard! what a question for you to ask! That you could ever for one instant forget that night of storm and crime!"

"Christie, as Heaven hears me, I know not what you mean! Do you allude to that tempestuous night on which you were supposed to be murdered?"

"Oh, you know I do! You know I do! Oh, Willard! Willard! that you should speak of it like this!" she said, in that low tone of reproach.

"Christie, there is some misunderstanding here. Do you mean to say that I was with you that night?" he said, vehemently.

She did not reply, but her eyes answered the question.

"Christie! as there is a Heaven above us, I never set foot on the island from the day we parted there after you telling me of your interview with Sybil!" said Willard, impetuously.

"And the note?" she said, faintly.

"Do you mean the note appointing our meeting on the beach, that night of mystery?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! yes!"

"Christie! I sent that note, but I never went, never! I swear it by all that is sacred in Heaven! That very hour I received news that my father was dying, which obliged me to start instantly for home, without even an opportunity of apprising you. Christie, that night I spent fifty miles away from the island."

She gasped for breath, grew deadly pale, and sunk into a chair.

"Christie! Christie! do you not believe me?"

She lifted her eyes. There was truth in her face, and with the wild flash of sudden joy she cried out:

"I do! I do! I do! Oh, Willard, thank God for this! Thank God that you never raised your hand against my life!"

"Christie!"

"Forgive me! forgive me! Oh, my husband, forgive me! But on that night, that awful night, I was met on the beach and stabbed by a man."

"Heavens and earth, and you thought it was me?"

"Willard! Willard! forgive me! But oh, what else could I think! You appointed the meeting. I went, was met there by a tall man, stabbed by him, and left for dead on the shore."

"And you could believe I could do such a deed. Oh, Christie! Christie!" he said, with bitter reproach.

"Oh, how could I help it? How could I help it? The thought was maddening; but how could I think otherwise? Say, only say, you forgive me, Willard?"

"I forgive you, Christie; but you have far the most to forgive. What a strange, fathomless mystery all this is! Who was this man, Christie?"

"I do not know! I have no idea! Oh! I thought I had not an enemy in the wide world."

"Is there no clue? Is there no means by which you could recognize him again?"

"None! none! you forget the storm; the darkness; the deep darkness of that night."

"True! but Heaven! what am I thinking of?" he said, starting up wildly. "Why do I linger an instant here, when it is in my power to save Sybil from the ignominious death of the halter?"

"What?"

As if a mine had exploded beneath her, Christie sprang up, with blanched face, starting eyes, clenched hands, and livid lips, gazing upon him in speechless horror.

"Christie, she was arrested, tried, condemned, and doomed to die, for your murder."

"For mine! Father in Heaven!" gasped the almost fainting Christie.

"It may not be too late to save her yet. You must come with me, Christie. Hasten! Every moment is precious now."

"Oh, this is awful! awful! Oh, Willard! when does this most unnatural sentence take place?"

"The day after to-morrow. With all our speed we will be barely able to reach the spot in time."

"Most horrible!" said Christie, with a convulsive shudder. "How came she ever to be suspected of such a deed?"

"Oh, there was a damning chain of circumstantial evidence, strong enough to convict an angel from above. I have no time to tell you now; on our way I will tell you all. Merciful Heaven! if we should be too late."

"I will go instantly! I will be ready in a moment," said Christie, wildly, as she hurriedly threw on her wrappings.

But not in this storm, Christie. Does she not hear how it rages?" anxiously said Uncle Reuben, who all this time had been a silent, wondering listener. "These must not venture out to-night."

"Oh, I must! I must! the life of a fellow-creature depends upon it," said Christie, trying on her large mantle with trembling haste.

Willard Drummond paused for a moment in dismay, to listen to the storm howling through the trees, and glanced at the frail, fragile little figure before him. But the thought of Sybil in peril—of that dreadful death—stealed his heart against every other feeling.

"She must be saved, let what will follow," he mentally exclaimed.

"The will never be able to make my way through this storm, Christie," said Reuben, rising in still-increasing anxiety; "in thy delicate state of health, too. Listen to the wind and rain."

"Oh! I hear it! I hear it! But though it rained fire from Heaven, I should have to go."

"Thee will never survive this night, if these ventures out," said Uncle Reuben, solemnly.

"What matters it? My life is worthless, so hers is saved," she said, with sorrowful bitterness.

Willard Drummond's heart smote him; and some of the old love, which he had buried in the storm, came back to him.

"Christie, she will perish with fatigue."

"Oh no; I'll not. This inward strength will sustain me. I will live, I must live, I shall live, to save Sybil Campbell. I feel it; an inward voice tells me so."

"Then thee is determined to go?" said Uncle Reuben, sorrowfully.

"I must. Duty calls me. Dear Uncle Reuben, good-by."

"Will thee ever come back, little Christie?" he said, holding the little hand she extended to him.

"As Heaven wills! I fear not. But—Uncle Reuben—dear, good Uncle Reuben—if I do not see you again, say to me that I am not forgotten."

"Oh, Christie! Oh, my wife!" he cried, clasping her in his arms, with a passionate cry; "am I only to realize the treasure I have lost, when it is too late?"

"Not too late, Willard; if it will help to make you a better, a holier man; it is not too late. There are many happy days for you, for Sybil, for me—yet to come."

"Wretch, wretch, that I have been!" he groaned, in bitter grief. "Why was I doomed to bring misery and death on all who loved me?"

"Oh, Willard, hush! You break my heart!" said Christie, lifting her golden head off his breast. "You must not talk in that wild way. And we are losing time staying here, when every second is more precious than untold gold," she added, starting up. "Come, Willard, come."

While she spoke, Uncle Reuben, who had passed out unobserved, re-entered.

"Good-by, once more, Uncle Reuben," said Christie. "We are going."

"Not 'good-by,' yet, little Christie. I will go with you to Newport."

"But, Uncle Reuben, there is no necessity. I know the way."

"And did thee think, little one, I was going to let thee walk that distance in this pelting storm?" said Uncle Reuben, with a sad, grave smile. "No; it is not quite so bad as that. Thee will ride in the donkey-cart until we reach Newport."

"Then you have such a conveyance?" said Willard, eagerly. "Thank Heaven!" for that. In it you will at least be saved the fatigue of walking, Christie."

"But how can you leave Bertha, Uncle Reuben?"

"I will lock the door, and Bertha will go to bed with thee, Bertha?"

The man nodded, and still wistfully watched Christie, as though some faint impression that she was going to lose her was forcing its way through her clouded brain.

For the first time, Willard turned his eyes upon her, and gave a violent start, as he recognized the well-known spectral face.

"Who is she?" he asked, in breathless surprise.

In a few brief words, Christie gave him to understand how it had happened he had seen her on the isle.

And then, drawing her arm within his, Willard led her from the house, followed by Uncle Reuben.

Christie took her place in the humble little donkey-cart, and cowered down to avoid the pelting rain.

"These had better get in, too, being wounded, and weak from loss of blood, these knows," said Uncle Reuben to Willard. "I will walk and drive."

"Not at all. Do you imagine I would ride while you walked? I am not weak; I feel the strength of ten men within me, urging me on."

"That is only excitement, friend; it will not last. Thee had better get in."

But Willard peremptorily refused, and took his place on the other side of the little cart.

Seeing it was in vain to urge him, the old man allowed the animal to start. And Christie raised for a moment her bowed head, to cast one last, sorrowful glance at the little, isolated, forest cot she was never destined to see again.

They turned an abrupt angle, the night and darkness shut it from her view, and with a long, shivering sigh, she bent her head once more on her pale hands.

That night-ride through the forest—with the wind whirling eerily in long, lamentable blasts through the waving arms of the trees, with the rain driving in blinding gusts in their faces, with the pall of almost Egyptian darkness around, above, and on every hand! That night-ride sleeping or waking, in after days, alone on the gayest assembly, it would rise like a haunting vision before the eyes of Willard Drummond; and the little, bowed, shadowy figure crouching silently in a corner of the wagon, would awaken in his heart feelings of undying remorse. That night-ride through the long, lonesome woods! All the great wrong he had done that little, bowed form, from whose gentle lips no word of reproach ever fell, from whose loving eyes no accusing glance ever flashed, arose in bitter array before him, until he felt as if he could never encounter the gaze of those earnest, soul-lit orbs again—felt, as he walked beside her, as much out of his sphere as a lost soul might feel before the gates of Heaven.

Then by a natural transition, his thoughts went straying out to the future—to Sybil. She was lost to him now, as much as though she were dead and in her grave. There was a sharp, deep pang piercing through his heart for one moment, at the thought; the next, a more generous feeling filled it, and he felt as if he could joyfully give her up to save her from that awful doom. Once Sybil was saved, his determination was, to depart with his little drooping girl-wife to some far-off southern clime—to some sunny village in France, or Italy, where the more genial climate would restore her to health, and where the wretched past would be forever unknown. There he would endeavor to atone, by his devoted care and attention, for all he had ever made her suffer, and forget Sybil. But that name, as usual, woke a host of tender, sorrowful memories, and something akin to despair again replaced every other feeling in his tortured mind. Truly, in the keen suffering of that moment he realized what Divine Retribution is.

And so on—still on, through the chill, bleak night, the driving, plashing rain, the sighing, moaning wind, the dark, desolate forest-road, our weary, silent trio wound their lonely way. Not a word was spoken from the moment of starting. Christie, bowed, collapsed, shuddering, covered in the bottom of the rude cart, her white, thin face hidden in her whiter, thinner hands. Uncle Reuben, urging on the stumbling donkey to his utmost speed, and now and then turning to see that "Little Christie" was safe, or to glance at the tall, dark figure walking opposite. And Willard Drummond, with his hat drawn down over his brows, muffled in his cloak, strode on with bowed head, too absorbed in his own bitter thoughts to heed the flight of time.

And so the long, silent night lingered and lingered, and the dripping forest road was passed at last; and they passed, at intervals, gloomy-looking farm-houses, whose inmates were still asleep, and whose only greeting to our weary travelers was the noisy barking of their watch-dogs as they passed on. And so the melancholy journey was continued until morning, vain, cold, and gray, lifted its dead, dull face from the mantle of night, and cast a sickly glimmer of light along the wet, slippery path.

"Morning at last," said Uncle Reuben, lifting his head, with a deep sigh of relief. "This has been the longest night I have ever known."

"Yes, morning," said Willard Drummond, looking up bitterly at the dull, leaden sky; "and we so far from Westport yet. Only one day more between her and an ignominious death."

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Uncle Reuben looked at him a moment, and then at the bowed form in the cart, with a look of calm reproach.

"Is thee tired, Christie?" he said, approaching her.

She lifted her head, disclosing a face so white and haggard, so worn with fatigue; sleeplessness, and grief, that even Willard started back in grief and alarm.

"Oh, little Christie! I knew this journey would kill thee!" said Uncle Reuben, with a groan.

"I feel a little tired, that is all," she said, forcing a wan smile. "Dear friend, do not look at me with such frightened, anxious eyes; it is nothing."

"Thee is deadly pale, Christie."



"I could cease to love you?" she answered, fervently. "It was because I loved you so well I wished to see you happy with Sybil."

"My faithful, sea-hearted, unselfish little wife!" he groaned, pressing her closer to his side.

"But, Willard, there is one thing I want to know. I want to hear it from your own lips. Answer me truly as you hope for salvation. Do you love Sybil Campbell?"

"Oh, Christie, I do! I do! Better than life, better than my soul's salvation! Better than my hopes of heaven do I love her!" he exclaimed, passionately.

"It is well," she said, folding her hands, with a slight shiver. "Thank God for the boon of death!"

"But, Christie, I will forget her; you are my wife. I will go far away where I will never see her more!" he said, recalling to himself. "By devoting my life to you, I will try to atone for all I have made you suffer, sweet wife."

"It will not be necessary, Willard! I dearest, best Willard! Can you not see I am dying?"

"Christie!" he cried out, in alarm.

"I mean that my days are numbered, and, Willard, I am happy. I only wish for life long enough to save Sybil."

Something in her tone checked the words he was going to say, and both relapsed into silence, broken at last by her saying:

"Tell me all that has happened to you and to all my friends, since that night."

And then he began, and related all; his father's death, the shock he received on hearing of her murder, of his departure to Europe with the Campbells, of their return and their marriage. At this point he could feel a slight shudder run through the frame of Christie; but when he spoke of the unlooked-for interruption, and of Sybil's being carried off to prison, and of her condemnation, she trembled so convulsively that he was forced to stop.

"Oh, poor Sybil!" she said, passionately. "Oh, Willard! her fate was worse than mine. What is suffering of any kind compared with the shame—the overwhelming disgrace—of that trial, exposed to the merciless eyes of hundreds! And that I should in any way be the cause! Oh, Willard! it is dreadful!"

She wept so violently that he was alarmed. "My own dear Christie, be calm!" he said, soothingly. "Consider that you are now going to save her life."

Still she wept on until her overcharged heart was relieved; and then, worn out in mind and body, she fell fast asleep on his shoulder.

Early in the afternoon they reached Newport, which they found crowded with strangers on their way to Westport.

Leaving Christie in a hotel, Willard went to seek for a fast horse to take them to town; but, to his dismay, he found that every vehicle in the village was already engaged. Nearly insane with wild impatience, he offered enormous sums for a horse; but, as the stern "Impossible!" rose against all his demands, he was forced to return to the hotel in a state bordering on frenzy, and offer the farmer with whom he had come the price of a dozen horses, if he would only surrender the gig to him and let him drive.

Carried away by the young man's distracted words and manner, he at last consented; and, causing Christie to be wrapped up in a large, warm shawl, to protect her from the night-air, he lifted her in, took his seat beside her, and dashed off at a break-neck pace.

Not a word was spoken, as Willard, urging the animal to its utmost, almost flew over the ground. The few remaining hours of daylight passed, and night fell dark and starless. On, still on, he urged the reeking, foaming, panting beast. They were still far from Westport—scarcely more than half-way—and the short night would soon be gone. Each time the tired animal would halt, panting for a moment, the vision of Sybil in her prison-cell, waiting for death, would rise before him until, nearly mad with impatience, he would mercilessly lash the poor brute on to greater speed.

But, just as he was beginning to hope that the rate at which they were going would, in two or three hours, bring them to Westport, the animal, completely exhausted, dropped to the ground, unable to proceed another step. With a furious imprecation, Willard sprang out and strove to assist him to his feet, but in vain. The horse was totally unable even to rise. For one moment Willard leaned against the wagon, while a feeling of utter despair filled his heart. Their distance from Westport—the few intervening hours—the impossibility of procuring another horse—the awful peril of Sybil, struck a chill like that of death to his heart.

"All is lost, Christie—all is lost!" he said, in a voice so altered that she scarcely knew it. "The horse is driven to death, and in ten short hours Sybil dies!"

"Heaven help us!" said Christie, wringing her pale hands. "Willard, we must walk."

"Walk!" he repeated, bitterly. "Before the end of the first mile your fate would be similar to his." And he touched the animal with his foot.

"Try me—try me!" said Christie, springing from her seat. "Heaven will give me strength in this hour. Oh, Willard, hasten!"

With a speed as great as it was unnatural, Christie started forward; and Willard, with a last despairing effort accompanied her, expecting every moment to see her fictitious strength give way. But, no! it was as if a new spirit had entered that slight frame—for as she neared could have walked in her days of perfect health and strength, she walked now; never for one moment faltering until the first dawn of morning grew red in the sky. But with its first blush Willard felt the faint hope that had hitherto buoyed him up die entirely away. Walk as they might, he felt it would be high noon before they could reach Westport.

"It is all useless, Christie," he said, pausing abruptly. "It is no use trying—we can never save her!"

"We will save her—we shall save her!" exclaimed Christie, with a strange kind of exultation. "Hark!" she added, "do you not hear a carriage approaching?"

Even as she spoke, a cloud of dust arose, and the thunder of wheels was heard rapidly approaching.

"Saved!" she cried, joyfully. "Praised be God!"

Willard sprang forward to intercept the driver, and saw a large country wagon nearly filled with people.

"Can you take us to Westport? Our errand is one of life and death!"

Something in Willard's tone startled the man; but, after a moment's start, he replied:

"Yes, jump in."

Lifting Christie in first, he took his seat beside her, and again dashed off.

"Hasten—hasten! for the love of God!" cried Willard, passionately.

"I'll do my best," said the man. "I want to be in time for the execution any way."

On they fled. Mile after mile was passed; but,

to the excited mind of Willard, they seemed going at a snail's pace. Did the sun ever rise so rapidly on any morning before as it did on that? Eight o'clock, and still ten miles from Westport.

"Faster—faster! A thousand—two thousand—three thousand dollars, if we only reach Westport before nine," shouted Willard, almost maddened. "A human life depends on it—I have a reprieve."

"Hooray!" shouted the boy who drove. "If ever Sultan went, he'll have to go it now. Here's my stick: tie your handkerchief on it to hoist when we get into the town, and they'll stop the execution."

Lashing his horse until the perspiration stood in great beads on his forehead, away they flew; and ten minutes before nine rushed furiously into the town.

The streets were crowded—blocked up with people—a boundless sea of human beings! And near the jail they beheld the scaffold, and a sight which seemed to paralyze the very life in their hearts. For there, with the sheriff and a group of her immediate friends, stood Sybil Campbell, whiter than the dead, robed for death, cold, still and rigid.

A deep, awe-struck silence had fallen over the vast crowd—a silence more terrible than the wildest shouts could have been. Raising the white handkerchief, the boy waved it in the air, shouting wildly: "A reprieve—a reprieve!" and drove furiously right through the startled throng, heedless of those he trampled down in his way.

The multitude took up the cry, and "A reprieve! a reprieve! a reprieve!" rung out, gathering force as it went, until, from a low, hoarse shout, it rose to a wild, triumphant song, that rung to the very heavens.

And on, on through the waving sea of human beings they drove, until they reached the scaffold; and then rising to her feet, the thunderstruck spectators beheld the pale, beautiful face of the long-lost Christie!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 243.)



## FAREWELL.

BY JOHNNIE DABE.

So, this is the end of the bright, bright dream,  
That so long has bound us together,  
Through all the varied scenes of life,  
In sunshine and in stormy weather.

'Tis past, and the love I have felt for you  
I know I shall ne'er feel again;  
For, better were death, than to find you false,  
And to wake to this bitter pain.

Still I wish you no evil, no word of mine  
Shall add to your sorrow here;  
But, if as you glide down the path of time,  
You sigh for a word of cheer,

Perhaps you'll think of the hearts you left,  
Of those who had loved you well,  
But who now look upon you as one who's dead,  
So, farewell—a long farewell.

## Wouldn't Marry a Widow.

BY COUSIN MADGE.

"WARREN, I do not believe you mean half what you say."

"You may believe what you like, my dear coz, but I repeat, I would not marry a widow, if there were not another woman in creation."

And Mr. Warren Brinton stretched his five feet eleven of manhood in a more comfortable position on the grass at his cousin's feet. "Not if she were young, handsome and rich—a thousand pardons—I will not insult your royal highness by saying rich. Of course, riches are not to be considered when speaking of the future Mrs. Warren Brinton. All for love and the world well lost, eh, Warren?" said Kate Dayrose, looking down with mischievous blue eyes at her handsome, lazy cousin.

"Yes, all for love," repeated Mr. Brinton, thoughtfully. But thoughtfulness was not Warren Brinton's forte; and with a yawn he said: "How you bore me with this subject, Kate! It seems to me all you think of when I come here is love and widows."

"Well, I know such a beautiful, dear, darling young widow—"

"There, that will do! I agree with all you say. She is beautiful, superb—at a distance; and just leave her there, if you please, my dear little coz."

"Oh, but I love her so much, Warren! Darling Beatrice! and she is coming—"

"Not here! For Heaven's sake, don't say she is coming here, Kate!" and Warren Brinton sat bolt upright, in spite of his habitual laziness.

"I am devotedly fond of this place, although you are enough to— There, politeness forbids me continuing; but, leaving all jokes aside, Kate, if that widow is coming here, I'll order my baggage packed, and be off in the next boat."

"Why, Warren, one would think you had been jilted by some handsome young widow to hear you talk!"

"Thank fortune, I never gave any of them a chance," answered Mr. Brinton, twisting the ends of his blonde mustache. "It is all very well for you to talk, Kate; but I've seen too much of it. Look at our mutual friend, Charlie Wallace: what a nice time he is having, being reminded at every turn of dear, dead Number One! It is all very nice to be made love to, for I think love-making an awful bore; but when it comes to making a fellow marry, in spite of himself— Well, it won't be I—not if I know myself, and I think I do." And Mr. Brinton, after delivering this lengthy speech, sunk back in his old position, apparently quite overcome.

Kate looked very serious; but a close observer might notice a merry twinkle in the depths of her blue eyes as she said: "Mr. Warren Brinton, if you had left your conceit and slang in the city, I think there would have been very little left of you to honor our rural retreat; however, as we have you here, we must do all in our power to keep you, so you may rest easy with the blessed assurance that no widow shall come to harm you."

Warren gave a sigh of relief, and Kate remained very thoughtful.

"Oh, by-the-by, Kate! didn't you expect an arrival to-day?"

"Yes, I did," answered Kate, with eyes bent upon the grass, "but it is too late now. I suppose Jerushy Jenkins will be here by the early train to-morrow."

Warren Brinton looked aghast. "Jerushy Jenkins! Good heavens, Kate, your name is bad—plain enough, but—Jerushy Jenkins! Her face and figure, I presume, correspond with her name! But really, Kate, I thought you called her Beatrice!"

"My dear Warren, you are getting things mixed up, as you express it. Beatrice is the widow. Of course I cannot think of sending for her now; you know she lives but a short distance from here; but Jerushy Jenkins is a sweet girl, though not at all pretty—at least I don't think so; no bluish, kind of whitish, you know, and staring eyes. I suppose you would call her as homely as a 'stone wall'."

"Hush, Kate, for Heaven's sake; and if you have the least particle of regard left for my feelings, you will not present me. Jerushy Jenkins—ugh!"

"Why, you ought to see her monogram, Warren. Three J's—it is perfectly splendid!" exclaimed Kate, looking the picture of innocence.

"Warren, when will you get over your good-for-nothingness! Kate, why do you remain here, talking nonsense to that lazy fellow?" exclaimed Lillian Brinton, Warren's sister, who had just returned from a stroll with Mr. Carlton.

Warren Brinton raised himself on his elbow, and looking very solemn, said: "Ed, what do you think of this for a name!—Jerushy—Jerushy—Jenkins!"

Ed Carlton laughed heartily—more at the expression of Warren's face than the name.

"There's no occasion for that look of horror," said Ed. "What's in a name?" quoth Shakespeare!

Lillian was about to ask Warren where he had heard that outlandish name, but Kate had no idea of allowing her to be inquisitive; and rising, she said: "Come, Lillian, I have something to show you before we begin to dress for dinner. We will leave the gentlemen to enjoy their cigars."

About half an hour after the above conversation, a carriage rolled up the broad avenue leading to the Dayrose mansion. A young lady alighted, and was received in the arms of Kate and hurried triumphantly up-stairs before any one had time to notice the arrival.

"Indeed, Kate, I cannot; do not ask me!" This appeal came in tremulous tones from the window, where a young lady stood waiting for Kate to put the finishing touches on her toilet.

A handsome young creature she was, with a tall, graceful figure, pearly-white complexion, with dark, luminous eyes and an abundance of dark-brown hair.

"Lillian!" exclaimed Kate, turning to her cousin, who had just entered the room, in full dinner-dress, "come and coax her, will you? Here, she wants to spoil all our fun."

"Oh, no, she won't," said Lillian; and forgetting all about her puffs and flounces, she caught the young lady in her arms. "You dear, good darling, you will do just as Kate tells you; and, oh, what a time we shall have when they find it out! It will be the best joke of the season."

"Miss Jenkins, permit me to present Mr. Carlton."

Mr. Carlton went through the form of introduction, but for a moment he forgot his good manners and actually stared at the beautiful owner of that horrible name. "Ivory complexion and luminous eyes; just Brinton's style of beauty, by Jove!" mentally ejaculated Ed Carlton.

"Where is Warren?"

"Gone across the river, with Mr. Davis. They will not get back for a couple of hours yet."

"How provoking!" muttered Kate, as dinner was announced.

"Hark! did you ever hear such a voice?" and Warren Brinton took his everlasting cigar from between his lips, and listened to the beautiful melody that floated out upon the evening air, through the open windows of the brilliantly-lighted parlors.

"I wonder who it can be?" said Will Davis, as the voice died out and seemed carried away upon the breeze.

"By Jove, I could listen to that singing forever!" exclaimed Warren Brinton, throwing away his freshly-lighted cigar. "Come let us see who it is. I did not know they had such a nightingale in these parts."

There were twenty persons or more assembled in the Dayrose parlors; and the young lady at the piano was the only stranger among them, to the two gentlemen just entering.

Again the voice rose, sweet and clear.

Will Davis crossed over to where Kate was standing; but Warren stood in the shadow of the doorway, spell-bound, watching the beautiful songstress. Never before had he seen such grace and beauty; or, if he had, never before was he affected by them. The great luminous eyes—eyes whose dark depth spoke of early sorrow, wandered once in his direction, and went straight to his heart.

"A thousand thanks," said Mr. Carlton.

"Beautifully sung," commended Lillian, with warmth, as the young lady rose from the piano.

Warren Brinton arrived at his cousin's side just in time to hear Will Davis say: "Before we go any further, Miss Dayrose, present me to your songstress." Warren looked ready to share the honor; but Kate, without taking the slightest notice of him, took Mr. Davis' proffered arm, saying, with the sweetest smile: "Most willingly."

Warren Brinton bit his lips with vexation. He tried to catch the name as Kate presented Will Davis; but it was spoken too low, and with a frown he crossed over to the open window and stepped out on the balcony.

"Why, Warren, what in the world are you doing out here? Turned star-gazer?"

"Miss Dayrose, I have often thought you rude, when we were alone, but I never thought a cousin of mine—a lady—could be guilty of such a breach of etiquette in the presence of others."

Kate Dayrose's silvery laugh rung out upon the air. Mr. Brinton was turning away in high indignation; but Kate laid her hand on his arm.

"I beg pardon, Warren. I really didn't mean to laugh; but I'm struck comical—excuse the slang; I learned it from you. But, how did you ever manage to say all that in one breath, and look so dignified, too? So my handsome cousin is capable of something more than small talk and flirtation—there now, Warren, indeed I do not wish to indulge in a quarrel to-night. Tell me in what way I have been so very rude, and I will try and make amends for it," said Kate, penitently.

"I think there is no need of my telling you, Kate. Why did you not present me to-night?"

"Because I thought it would displease you, sir; with all my rudeness I generally do as I am told," answered Kate, saucily.

"Thought it would displease me! What are you trying to say, Kate?"

"Simply this: Mr. Warren Brinton strictly enjoined me this afternoon, not to introduce his royal highness to such an humble individ-

ual as Jerushy Jenkins Jenkins, and of course, like a dutiful cousin, I obeyed."

Mr. Brinton gave a long whistle and looked up at the stars. For once in his life Warren Brinton felt dreadfully uncomfortable. "Why the deuce can't Kate say something, instead of standing here with her lips as if they were sealed?" thought Warren. "You really don't mean it, Kate?"

"I really do mean it, Warren."

"But, you know it will look so queer, sitting at the same table, and all that sort of thing."

"I don't see anything queer about it," answered Kate, decidedly.

"How stupid you are, coz. Don't you see—oh, confound it all. Come, Kate, if you have no objection, I wish to be presented."

Drawing his cousin's arm through his, they entered the parlor; and Warren Brinton was his easy, elegant self once more.

"Miss Jenkins, allow me to present my cousin, Mr. Warren Brinton. Warren, this is Jerushy Jenkins Jenkins whom you have heard me speak of so often."

"Why need Kate repeat that horrible name in full," thought Warren.

But, as he looked down on the sweet face before him, he thought, "Shakespeare must be right after all;" and as he listened to the sweet voice he felt the blood tingle in his veins as it had never done before, and Warren Brinton knew he was in love—head and heels in love, as Kate expressed it, with—Jerushy Jenkins Jenkins.

Weeks rolled away, and the summer months were drawing to a close, when, one moonlight night, while out for a promenade on the lawn, Warren Brinton asked Miss Jenkins to be his wife.

The little hand he held in his warm clasp turned cold as ice, and the quivering lids drooped over the sorrowful dark eyes.

"Say yes, my darling, and make me the happiest of men."

"Oh, I cannot! Do not ask me! I must have time; and in a few days when you know all, Warren, I am sure you will despise me."

"Despise you, my love! Never! Nothing in this world, if I can prevent it, will come between us."

So Warren pleaded, but Miss Jenkins was resolved, and he was obliged to submit.

"What ails you to-day, Warren?" exclaimed Kate, as she captured Warren in the porch late in the afternoon of the day following the proposal.

Miss Jenkins had not left her room all day, and Warren haunted the house and grounds like a restless spirit.

"I hope you are not going to wind up the season by getting the blues. It was only to-day I was saying, that you must have found great attraction here, this season, for you never remained so long before. But, perhaps it is because I kept that awful widow from coming—eh, coz?"

"Do go away, Kate, and find some other victim. Where's Davis?"

"Quarrelling again, for recreation sake, I suppose," said Lillian, stepping out on the porch, followed by Mr. Carlton.

"Now I want to ask you a fair question, Warren," said Kate, looking very serious.

"Supposing you knew a nice, handsome young widow, just like Jerushy Jenkins Jenkins—"

"We will suppose nothing of the kind," said Warren, coldly, at the same time wincing at the name. It was an invariable rule with Kate and Lillian to give Miss Jenkins her full name when speaking to Warren.

"But, supposing she acted just like her, and was just like her!" persisted Kate.

"I assure you, Miss Dayrose, it would be an utter impossibility for any one to be just like Miss Jenkins. Your favorite widow might try to act like her, but it would only be a piece of acting, after all; and you may rest assured, I would not be deceived by it."

"Speak of an angel—here comes Jerushy Jenkins herself. Come out here, my dear, and sit down beside me," said Lillian, gayly.

Miss Jenkins came out, looking paler than usual, and took the proffered seat.

"I would like to see the widow that could look like her!" thought Mr. Brinton, as he gazed at Miss Jenkins.

"I hope I have not interrupted your conversation," said Miss Jenkins.

"Oh, no; we were trying to make ourselves to death," rejoined Kate. "Come, let us talk about widows—for a change."

This was too much for Lillian and Ed, and they burst into a fit of laughter; but Warren rewarded Kate with a frown, and would have walked away, but for the attraction that sat opposite.

"Are you aware that my brother is dreadfully opposed to widows, Jerushy?" exclaimed Lillian.

"I should hope not," answered Miss Jenkins, fixing her dark eyes on Warren. "They are a poor, persecuted set, and have enough to contend with, without the enmity of Mr. Brinton."

Warren was about to speak, but he could not answer that sweet voice in the manner he would like; so he simply said:

"I see they have hoodwinked you, too, Miss Jenkins, with their pretty airs and graces."

"Oh, no, indeed!" answered Miss Jenkins; "but I wonder why it is that there is always a wrong construction placed upon a widow's actions."

Here the conversation was interrupted by a young man, who had dismounted from his horse, and came hurrying up the steps.

"Is Mrs. Beatrice Emerson here? Ah, I beg pardon for intruding, madam," he said, respectfully, addressing Miss Jenkins.

Ed Carlton opened his brown eyes in wonder; and Warren Brinton fairly rose from his seat, and stared—first at the new-comer, and then at Miss Jenkins.

He had called Miss Jenkins Mrs. Beatrice Emerson!

Surely there must be some mistake. But, why did not Miss Jenkins correct him, instead of extending her hand for that letter?

"It came a little while ago, madam, and as I knew you were expecting it, I saddled the horse and rode over with it myself."

"Thank you, Sam; I will not forget your kindness," and Sam took his departure, without the slightest idea of the astonishment he had created.

Ed Carlton looked over at Lillian, and guessed the truth at once. He tried hard to keep from laughing, as he saw poor Kate grasp a friendly book that was lying near, and pretend to be deep in its contents.

After the first shock was over, Warren Brinton recognized the true state of affairs; Miss Jenkins, and Beatrice, the charming young widow, were one and the same person. And there she sat, quietly reading her letter—this widow that he had dreaded meeting, and whom Kate was evasively plugging him about. How handsome she was, and, oh, how silly all his petty speeches about widows seemed to him now!

To use his own elegant allegorical language, he had been "sold—sold badly," from begin-

ning to end; but, as excitement was something foreign to Mr. Warren Brinton's nature, he satiated himself on the rustic bench, waiting patiently for the next move, and determining in his own mind not to let Kate have it all her own way.

"Why can't Warren say something, instead of looking so awful white and indifferent?" thought Kate, ready to cry.

"Warren, I hope you are not very angry?" said Kate, venturing a look at Warren. But there was no answer.

This roused Kate, and she was her own audacious self once more.

"Anyway, if you are, I don't care; only don't blame Beatrice, for it's all my doings. You know, my dear coz, you threatened to go away if the widow came; and, as I could not do without my darling Trixy, nor likewise my darling Warren, I was obliged to adopt this ruse. And, oh, how we have enjoyed ourselves at your expense!"

Mr. Brinton smiled and stroked his blonde mustache.

Beatrice Emerson rose, and offering her hand to Warren, said:

"I fear the part I have played will not tend to raise widows in your estimation, Mr. Brinton; but I sincerely trust that you will not think for a moment that I have enjoyed myself at your expense."

Warren did not think so; and as he took the little hand in his, and looked at the sweet face before him, he knew that he loved the widow better than he ever loved Miss Jenkins.

But he must get even with Kate, and he said, with a laugh:

"Well, I can't help thinking how strange it all is. You are the lady I have been longing to see, for weeks. When I opposed your coming, I thought that was the time Kate would be bound to have you here; but I see she has not proved herself half the girl I took her for."

"Well, if that isn't too horrible! Hear him, Lillian! Well, never mind, Warren; it might have been worse, you know; if Beatrice is a widow, Mrs. Beat







## BEAUTIFUL PROMPTINGS.

BY D. J. MYERS.

There is something in our bosom  
That is telling us each day  
Of a land of bliss and beauty  
Where immortal spirits stay.  
Is it an idle dream of fancy,  
Or an empty vision fair,  
Which is painting things in colors,  
And not truly as they are?  
When in death the eyelids fasten,  
And the pulses beat no more,  
Is the spirit unembodied  
Anchored on another shore?  
Are the spirits of our fathers  
Sleeping in their graves of old?  
Or do they greet each other kindly  
In the streets all paved with gold?  
Is there an Eternal Father  
Who doth keep our watch and ward,  
And have we an Intercessor  
In a sin-atoning Lord?  
Gaze but on you starlit heaven;  
See the order ruling there!  
Could chance such wondrous order  
Maintain in trackless air?  
Must the noble acts of charity  
Unrequited pass away?  
And shall the wicked deeds of man to man  
No penalty repay?  
Oh! these promptings in our bosom  
Are but guardian spirits true,  
That would shape and mold our conduct  
For another life in view.  
Let us then not be unheeding,  
Let us bend a listening ear!  
Let us mold and fit our spirits  
For their blest eternal sphere!

## Miss Casilear's Poem.

BY EBBE E. REXFORD.

"I don't know that I ever knew a literary person—that is, intimately," explained Harry Darryl to Miss Casilear, Miss Thorne, and Mrs. Desmond, who were sitting on the veranda with him. They had been talking about literature, and literary people—that is, Miss Casilear, Mrs. Desmond, and he, had. For some reason Miss Thorne had not taken part in the conversation.

"I have always wanted to," he went on, as no reply was made to his last remark. "I believe I could love some women for the sake of the poems they have written. Here is one, in the last number of the *Constellation*. I think it exquisite. I am sure I should fall in love straightway with its author, if I were to meet her."

"Who is the author?" asked Mrs. Desmond.

"The only name attached is Margaret," answered Harry. "From the poem, I fancy she is young, and stately, and beautiful. I don't know what there is about the poem to make me think so, but it suggested such an idea of its author to me."

"Read it to us," said Mrs. Desmond.

Harry read the poem over to them. It was a pretty little fancy, beautifully expressed.

"Don't you like it, Miss Thorne?" he asked, as he laid down the magazine.

Lucia Thorne smiled, and a pretty little blush made her face as fair as a wild rose, beneath his glance.

"I have read a good many poems that I liked better," she answered, and then she looked at Mrs. Desmond, and laughed.

Harry felt slightly piqued. He was sure she was laughing at his taste.

"You can appreciate it, I am sure," he said to Miss Casilear. "Don't you think it something above the common run of magazine poetry, something really beautiful, in fact?"

"I'd rather not express an opinion on the subject," answered Miss Casilear, seemingly quite embarrassed.

"Why not, pray?" asked Harry. "I'm sure you are well qualified to judge."

"But—" Miss Casilear lifted her eyes to his face for a moment, and then dropped them, evidently quite confused—"but, I wouldn't be an unprejudiced critic, I am afraid. I write a little, and—didn't you know that my name was Margaret?"

"Margaret?" cried Harry, dropping his book, in his great surprise. "You didn't write this, did you? I never knew that you were literary. Come to think of it, Mrs. Desmond did mention something about having a literary person among her visitors, this summer, when she asked me to come up here. Why didn't you tell me who it was before, Mrs. Desmond?"

"She was waiting for you to find it out for yourself," spoke up Miss Thorne, before Mrs. Desmond could reply. "It's ever so much nicer to make such a discovery than to be told all about it beforehand, isn't it, Miss Casilear?"

Miss Casilear looked at her keenly, as if she detected some hidden sarcasm in her tone, but made no reply.

"I wish you'd come up-stairs with me," said Miss Thorne to Mrs. Desmond. "I want you to show me how to dress my hair in that new way you were telling me about."

So Harry was left alone with Miss Casilear; with a literary person, and one whose poem he had pronounced to be exquisite before he knew who its author was. He had thought her a beautiful woman before; now he saw the beauty of genius on her face, and was prepared to do homage at her shrine.

Miss Casilear had been at Desmond Place but a few days. Before she came Harry had been a devoted follower of Lucia Thorne's. He admired such a sweet and truthful face as Lucia had, and he found that her nature was as sweet and womanly as her face. He made up his mind that he was in love at last, and if Miss Casilear had not come to interrupt the course of events he might have been engaged to Lucia by this time. Now he was glad that he had not spoken, because, well—because Miss Casilear was here, and she was literary, and he had always had an ambition to know literary people, and who knew what might come of his knowing her? He didn't have any egotism, he told himself, but he was positive that Miss Casilear liked him. He had noticed that from the first, and of course it flattered his vanity, being a man.

After that he and Miss Casilear were much together. He had made up his mind to like her better than any other woman he ever knew, because she was literary. That was the magnet that attracted him to her. He couldn't help but acknowledge to himself that she wasn't as attractive as Lucia; and more than once he wished that it was Lucia who had been literary. But he wasn't going to go back on his determination to know literary people now. He did like Miss Casilear, he concluded; he liked her very much indeed. He was sure he should love her by and by. He tried hard enough to, at any rate, and if he failed to do so it wasn't from lack of encouragement on her part.

He didn't see much of Lucia. She was busy up-stairs all the forenoons, and sat with Mrs. Desmond in the afternoons; in the even-

ing Miss Casilear managed generally to monopolize him.

One afternoon he was lying on the sofa in a deep window of the parlor. A heavy curtain shut him off from the main part of the room. It was a warm and drowsy day, and by and by he fell asleep.

He was awakened by the sound of voices.

"I think you are very foolish," Mrs. Desmond was saying—"very foolish indeed, Lucia, to let her steal your laurels in that audacious way. If Darryl marries her it will be because he thinks she is literary. If I were in your place I would tell him that she isn't the Margaret who writes poems. I wouldn't let her deceive him in that way. I've been tempted to tell him more than once."

"But you promised not to, you know," answered Miss Thorne. "Of course I shan't mention the matter to him; because, what would he think, if I were to do so? As far as Miss Casilear's stealing my laurels are concerned, I don't care at all, because people will find out who Margaret is some day."

"But think how he would feel, if he were to marry her, thinking that she is the Margaret she pretends to be, and then, after marriage, he were to discover the imposition!"

"Yes, I have thought of that," answered Lucia, "but I am not to blame, and you can see for yourself that it would put me in a very delicate position to explain the matter to him, now."

"I don't ask any explanation!" said Harry, coming out of his hiding-place. "I want to make one to you, instead. It is simply this, that I've made a confounded fool of myself."

And then he stalked out of the room, as indignant at Harry Darryl as he had ever been at anybody in his life. To think he had been such an easy dupe! He wished he could kick himself.

In the hall he met Miss Casilear.

"I am going for a walk. Don't you want to come along?" she asked, smiling her prettiest at him.

"No, thank you," answered Harry, more savagely than politely, I am afraid. "Are you going to write any more poems, right away?"

Miss Casilear looked at him inquiringly.

"I've found out who the Margaret is that writes those poems I like so much," he explained. "I beg your pardon for thinking that you wrote them? I don't see how I could make such a mistake, and then he bowed good-by to the discomfited young woman, who saw that her little plan had failed, and went up-stairs, anger plainly stamped upon her face.

He came down about an hour later. Mrs. Desmond met him on the stairs.

"I am going away," he said, stopping her. "I am going this afternoon."

"Why?" she asked.

"You know well enough," he answered. "What must Miss Thorne think of me?"

"I would stay a while and find out, if I were in your place," said Mrs. Desmond, meaningly.

"You don't mean to say that she will have anything to say to me, after what has happened, that is—" said Harry, turning very red, "as she might if this hadn't happened?"

"I advise you to wait and see," said Mrs. Desmond. The result of which advice was that Harry Darryl did not go away from Desmond Place that afternoon, but Miss Casilear did.

"I—well, I—the fact of the matter is, simply," said Harry, that evening to Lucia, getting desperate in his attempt to explain matters, "that I've been a blockhead, and I don't expect you will overlook that very evident fact; but—I'd like to have you be my friend, at any rate." Harry was red as any school-girl when he had said that.

"I'll take you—on probation," said Lucia, blushing.

And the result of the probation was, that he was taken for life.

So he married Margaret after all, but he doesn't like to hear about the other Margaret.

False Faces:  
OR,  
THE MAN WITHOUT A NAME.  
A MYSTERY OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "A LIVING LIE," "SNARED TO DEATH," "TOAD GIRL," "BERNAL OLYDE," "ELMA'S CAPTIVITY," "STELLA," A STAR," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER X.

KATE'S ADVENTURE.

THE man appeared disappointed by her reply.

"Try your memory," he urged—"go back to the days of your infancy—when you were very young—think now—fix your mind—does not the name of Aylward sound familiar to your ears?"

Etta reflected profoundly for a few moments, while Kate and the doctor looked on with eager interest.

"No," answered Etta, at length; "I cannot recall the name; I do not think that I ever heard it before. My aunt's name was Ward."

"Aylward and Ward—singular!" muttered the man, more to himself than her. "One syllable has dropped out of your childish memory."

"Oh, no, it has not!" cried Etta, quickly.

"I remember her name distinctly—Margaret Ward; that was what she called herself."

The man inclined his head, and the action appeared to indicate satisfaction.

"Margaret, yes; Ward, no," he said.

"You had a brother, some two years older than yourself; what has become of him?"

Etta started, and gazed eagerly in the man's face.

"Who are you?" she exclaimed in an agitated manner. "What do you know of me?"

"You had a brother," the man continued, impassively, as if he had not heard this passionate appeal. "His name was Raymond."

"Yes."

"Where is he?"

"I do not know."

Again did a look of disappointment overcast the man's face.

"Is he dead?" he asked, tremulously.

"I cannot say."

"Why, what happened—how did you separate?"

"He quarreled with my aunt, and ran away from home."

"Ah! home? Where was your home?"

"In Erie."

"On the lake?"

"Yes."

"She took you there, then?"

"My aunt—yes."

"Do you remember where you lived before you went to Erie?"

Etta shook her head thoughtfully.

"No, I do not remember any place before Erie," she replied.

"Not Franklin?"

"Franklin—where is that?"

"Ah! you do not remember. Have you never heard from your brother since he ran away?" he asked, abruptly changing the subject.

"Never."

"Do you remember your parents?"

"No."

"Did not Margaret—this aunt of yours, I mean—did she never speak to you about them?"

"Very little; she appeared to dislike to do so."

"Ah! I see, she thought your father guilty; well, well, she was no worse than all the world."

"And was he not guilty?" cried Etta, eagerly.

"No, my child; he was as innocent of that dread deed as you are."

"What deed?" questioned Etta.

"Do you not know?"

"No; but from words vaguely dropped by my aunt I have been led to believe that my father, in a mad fit of jealousy, killed my mother, and then committed suicide. Is that the true story of the crime?"

He looked at her vacantly.

"Why do you ask me?" he returned.

"Because I think you know."

"Why should I?"

"Do not trifle with my feelings!" she implored, earnestly. "Your words show that you know all about me—all the dreadful story of the past. You knew my father—you were his friend—tell me my true name!"

"I cannot," he answered sadly.

"Cannot?" she echoed, disappointedly.

"It is not yet time."

"Not time?"

"Besides, why should you wish to bear a name disgraced by crime?"

"I do not believe it!" cried Etta, passionately. "The stain is unmerited. I do not believe my father was guilty!"

The man's gray eyes glistened as he heard these words.

"Good child! good child! Ah! you are the true daughter of—?" He paused abruptly.

"Who?" he questioned, breathlessly.

"You shall know, some day, all in good time," he answered, evasively. "I was your father's friend, I will be yours."

"That's good news!" Kate Vohlsage cried, impulsively, "for if ever Etta needed a friend she does now; and your friendship is likely to be worth something, judging by the looks of your pocket-book here; it doesn't look as if an elephant had stepped on it, as mine does. What might your name be, sir?" she added, curiously.

"Name?" repeated the man, absently.

"Yes, sir; you've got a name, haven't you?"

"I believe so."

Kate stared, and Doctor Hunter shrugged his shoulders.

"Singular very!" he muttered to himself.

"Tell me your name?" urged Etta.

The man raised his right arm slowly, and pointed to the pocket-book upon the table.

"In there—a card—look," he said; and the vacant look came creeping over his face again.

Kate opened the pocket-book and made a careful inspection of its contents.

"Yes, here is a card, sure enough."

She took it out and read the inscription upon it aloud:

SHAW & CO., BROKERS IN PETROLEUM.

The man nodded his head affirmatively, saying, "Shaw, that's me—Peter Shaw."

The doctor shrugged his shoulders again.

"A harmless lunatic who has wandered away from his friends," he told Kate, in an undertone.

"Shaw!" murmured Etta, as if to fix the name upon her memory.

"And now the next question is what are we going to do with Mr. Shaw?" cried the doctor briskly. "You cannot stand, can you?"

The man made an effort to rise, but sunk back instantly into the chair. This action was answer enough to the doctor's query.

"I thought not. Shall I get a carriage for you and send you to your friends?"

"No."

"Eh?" rejoined the doctor, surprisedly.

The man looked at Etta.

"Cannot I remain here?" he asked. "All I require is sleep and rest. In twenty-four hours I shall be myself again."

"You may be as far as your body is concerned," said the doctor; "but as for your head—He supplied the break by tapping himself significantly upon the forehead.

The man smiled, and answered:

"Yes, doctor, there's something out of order there; a kink in the brain; memory bad. But you haven't told me if I can stop here yet?"

This to Etta.

"Yes," she answered, promptly.

"But if you give him our bed, what are we to do?" cried Kate.

"I will arrange that. Besides we shall not sleep much to-night; those shirts are yet to be finished. It will be only for one night."

"That's so," the doctor interposed. "It would be the best thing in the world for him, and the quicker he's lying down the better. The shock has prostrated his system, but rest and quiet will soon bring him up again. I'll prepare a tonic for him, and some ammonia liniment to bathe the bruises on his head. You can come around to my shop and get them."

This was addressed to Kate.

"And give the doctor his fee from the pocket-book," said the man, who called himself Peter Shaw.

"Oh! there's no hurry about that," returned the doctor; and he muttered to himself: "Upon my word, this man isn't so crazy after all." Then he added aloud: "Come, sir, let me assist you to bed."

With Kate's assistance he got Peter Shaw into the little adjoining chamber, and placed him upon the bed. He removed his boots, coat, and waistcoat.

"Here's a valuable gold watch," he said, as he returned to the larger room, leaving the door of the bed-chamber ajar. "This must be taken care of, as well as his money."

"I will take charge of them," said Etta.

"I have an idea that this Mr. Shaw is a rich man," he told the girls, in a confidential whisper; "and I think he will pay you handsomely for your care of him."

"I should care for him all the same if he had not a dollar," retorted Etta.

The doctor coughed dryly.

"Ahem! oh, yes, of course. Certainly—I don't call that into question for a moment. Very praiseworthy upon your part—very!"

Etta smiled.

"Oh, I am guided by a selfish motive," she said.

"Oh, ah, indeed! How can that be?"

"I think this man can reveal to me my family history, which, from some motive, has been kept from me. You saw that he appeared to know all about me."

The doctor shook his head dubiously.

"It's hard to tell by what he says what he knows," he replied. "I consider him a most eccentric individual—remarkably so. Why, he did not appear to know his own name. Surprising!"

"Yes, but he knew my aunt's Christian name, and my brother's," urged Etta. "How can you account for that?"

"I can't account for it, my dear," the doctor admitted. "I don't pretend to account for it. In fact the man, and all about him, is a perfect mystery. What in the world was he—a wealthy broker to all appearances—doing on the roof of the house at night—or any other time, for that matter—and how came he down the chimney? That's what puzzles me."

His mind appears to have become unsettled by his fall," said Etta. "I think he will explain everything in the morning. Oh! I do hope that he will speak plainer to me, that he will tell me all he knows about me."

"Let us hope so," returned the doctor, with a dubious shake of the head; "but I am not so sure that he knows anything about you."

"I am," replied Etta, positively. "He knew me in childhood, I feel assured. Some feeling in my heart draws me irresistibly toward him; if he was my father's friend, he will be mine."

"I agree with you there, Etta," cried Kate, vivaciously. "His chimney fall is a windfall to us, and we must make the most of it. Come, doctor, I am ready to go with you for the medicine."

"Very good. You are not afraid to be left alone with this man?" he added, to Etta.

"Oh, no, he will not injure me."

"You are right—He's a gentleman, if there's any trusting to appearance—which they say there isn't—but I trust his notwithstanding."

With this somewhat contradictory statement the doctor departed, attended by Kate.

When they were gone Etta went to the chamber door and listened. She heard the deep, regular breathing of the man.

"He must be asleep," she murmured.

She went gently to the table, got the lamp, and returned to the door, pushing it open softly. She looked into the chamber, holding the lamp so that its rays would shine upon the bed.

The man lay there in a tranquil slumber. She scanned the placid features curiously. It was a fine face, with regular features, and wore a look of dignity and strength of character. The sleeping face was unlike the waking face, for the vacant look, which denoted imbecility, was gone. It was as if the man assumed a false face when awake, but lost that expression when in slumber.

"This man is not a common one," Etta told herself, as she studied the sleeping face; "and he has been a very handsome one. Something in that face appears to me familiar—these are features that I have seen in some other face. Whose?"

She taxed her brain to remember, but memory failed her here.

"It was a younger face than his," she continued. "The remembrance is far away, back in the misty past. It is not another face—it is his," she added, as a new thought came to her mind. "I must have seen him when a child—he was younger then as well as I."

Satisfied with this solution of the puzzling memory she gently pushed the door to again, and carried the lamp back to the table.

Then taking up her work she began to sew, awaiting the return of Kate.

A quarter of an hour passed away, and then Kate came in flushed and excited.

"Phew!" she exclaimed, as she closed the door behind her.

Etta looked up from her work in surprise.

"Why, Kate, what has happened?" she asked.

"I've had a row with a scamp, but I've brought the medicine safe for all that," answered Kate, as she deposited the bottles upon the table.

"Some man has spoken to you?" said Etta.

"Yes, on Broome street, but that's nothing unusual, after dark; and it's pretty late just now."

"It is, indeed. I never thought of the risk you ran."

"Risk!" ejaculated Kate; and she tossed her head disdainfully.

"Were you not frightened?"

"Not a bit; I was only mad. It was at the corner of Elizabeth street; along comes a little man, not taller than myself; I was hurrying so as to get back as quick as I could with the medicine. I hadn't the least idea that he would speak to me; we met just under the gaslight, and as I was about to pass him he grabbed me, all of a sudden, by the arm."

"Did you scream?"

"Not a bit of it; I was so taken by surprise that I stood stock-still. 'Where are you going this time o' night, my beauty?' says he. He called me a beauty, what do you think of that?"

"I think it was very impudent in him."

"That's odd, for that's just what I thought. I didn't feel a bit flattered, for I know I'm not a beauty, and I thought he was only chaffing me; and so I answered back, as gruff as could be: 'What's that to you?' But he wasn't at all put out by it. 'Don't get in a huff, my dear,' says he, still holding me by the arm—it was my left arm he had hold of—but permit me to see you home.' Then I got madder than ever, I could see his face distinctly in the gaslight, and it was a handsome face, with a long nose, and heavy black eyebrows, and a black mustache, and the long nose looked very tempting. I had one bottle in each hand, and I quietly shifted the right hand bottle into the left, and when I got my right hand free I went for him."

"Did you strike him?"

"No; I only pulled his nose—and I pulled it good and strong, and then a most astonishing thing happened. It came off!"

"The nose?"

"Yes, and squashed all up in my hand—but it was not the nose alone—his whole face came off."

"His face?"

"Yes; I tell you I was that surprised that I dropped it as if it had been red-hot. I got just one glimpse at his real face, and it was as ugly as the false one was handsome, and then he stooped down, grabbed up his false face, and went up the street like a shot."

This recital filled Etta with amazement.

"What a singular adventure!" she exclaimed.

"It just beat me, I can tell you."

"It was all I joke, I think. The man must have been to a masquerade, and was returning home. Possibly he had been drinking, and accosted you in a spirit of mischief."

"He was up to mischief, there's no mistake about that; and he didn't want his real face to be seen; but I think I shall know him if I ever see him again."

"Do you?"

"I just do!"

"But you are not likely ever to meet him again."

"Perhaps not. How's Mr. Shaw?" she added, changing the subject abruptly.

"He's sound asleep."

"That's good. But where are we to sleep?"

"It does not much matter for the balance of the night. It's three o'clock, and it will be light in two hours or less. Suppose we finish the shirts to pass away the time?"

"With all my heart," answered Kate, taking off her hat and shawl, and sitting down to the work. "We won't have much more of this sort of thing to do," she continued, as she threaded her needle deliberately.

"Do you think so?"

"I just do! Mr. Shaw's going to look out for us."

"Do not build your castles in the air too readily."

"I'm not building on air. He knows who you are, and there's money behind his knowledge, take my word for it."

## CHAPTER XI.

ETTA'S TRUST.

ETTA stitched thoughtfully for a few moments.

"That is my impression," she said, after this slight pause; "I think this Mr. Shaw knew my family when I was an infant."

"So do I."

"And I am in hopes that he will tell me what really happened to my father and mother in the morning."

"That was the reason why you were so willing to have him stop here to-night."

"Yes."

"Do you think his name really is Shaw?"

This question surprised Etta.

"Why should it not be?" she demanded.

"There's his card." She pointed to the card which lay upon the table beside the pocket-book, where Kate had left it.

"Yes, there's the card," rejoined Kate; "but how do you know that it is his card? It's a business card. Shaw and Co.—that's short for company—Brokers in petroleum. What's that?"

"This, that we are burning—kerosene."

"Oh! that's another name for it?"

"Yes, before it is refined, I believe. But why should you think that this is not his card? He said his name was Shaw—Peter Shaw."

"And so it may be—I don't say it isn't, and I don't say it is; all I say is, his having the card is no proof; it's a business card, and anybody might have it."

These words made Etta again thoughtful.

"True," she answered, musingly. "But he said his name was Shaw," she persisted, "and he does not look like a man that would tell a falsehood."

"No, he certainly does not," Kate admitted.

"He's as nice a looking middle-aged gent as ever I saw. But I can find out whether his name is Shaw or not."

"How can you do that?" asked Etta, surprisedly.

"I'll look in the directory to-morrow—they've got one in the corner store—and see if there is any such firm as Shaw and Co. there."

"That is not a bad idea," responded Etta, impressed by Kate's shrewdness.

"Oh! let me alone for finding out things," cried Kate, with the negligent toss of the head so peculiar to her. "If the name of the firm of Shaw and Co. is in the directory, it will tell where their office is, of course; and if our chimney friend goes away without satisfying our curiosity, I'll walk down to the office of Shaw and Co. some fine morning, and ask to see Mr. Peter Shaw, and then I can tell whether he's Peter Shaw or not."

After this they sewed in silence for a few moments; but Kate's eyes kept wandering from her work to the pocket-book on the table. It had a plump look that fascinated her.

"I wonder how much money there is in it!" she exclaimed, suddenly, giving expression to the thought that was in her mind.

"Why don't you count it, and see?" rejoined Etta, laughingly.

Kate speedily availed herself of the permission thus accorded, for she would not have laid a finger upon the pocket-book, notwithstanding her curiosity, if Etta had made the slightest objection. She took out the bank-notes and began to count them.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed. "Why, Etta, here's a hundred-dollar bill! and here's another, and a fifty! half a dozen fifties! and a twenty! lots of twenties, and ever so many tens! Oh! it's just a heap of money. Oh! don't I wish it was all mine!"

"You mustn't be covetous, Kate. Remember the commandment."

"Oh, yes! that's all very well; but when I see all this money, and know how much good it would do me, how can I help wishing that it was mine?"

"Is there so very much of it?"

"Five hundred dollars!" answered Kate, breathlessly. "Oh! Mr. Peter Shaw is a rich man!"

"It would appear so; and, somehow, I can't help thinking that my father was well off."

"I'm sure he was! You're a born lady, Etta; any one can see that with half an eye. Look at your face, and your small ears, and your little hands, with the dainty fingers!"

Etta laughed.

"Are those the signs of my ladyship, Kate?" she cried.

"La, yes! Look at my hands." Kate extended a large hand, hardened by toil, as she spoke. "See the difference between us! Why, there's as much difference in men and women as there is in horses. The cartman's horse doesn't look much like the glossy horse your fine gentleman drives in Central Park."

"Whether I was born a lady or not, is a thought that never troubled me," replied Etta; "but, I am free to confess that I would gladly discover where I came from and who I belong to, if I could, and escape from this life of poverty and unremitting toil."

"And that's just what we are going to do," answered Kate. "See! daylight is coming—and there's the last stitch in my shirt, and I'm not sorry. I have an idea that this morning is to be the turning-point in our lives, and that better and brighter days are in store for us."

"Heaven grant it may be so!" rejoined Etta, fervently.

"Then finish up, and I'll fix the stove and fireboard. It's a wonder that they were not smashed all to pieces. We don't want any fire built until it's time to get breakfast."

Kate repaired the damage done by the man in his fall in a temporary manner, refraining from driving any nails, as she did not wish to awaken the man from his slumber.

Doctor Hunter said the longer he slept the better he would feel when he woke up," she told Etta. "And when he awakes you are to give him the tonic, and bathe his head with the liniment, and he'll look in, in the course of the morning, to see how he's getting on."

When Etta had finished, Kate did up their work in a neat parcel, and carried it away just as the clock was striking five.



Etta leaned back in her chair and gave herself up to meditation; but the fair head soon drooped, the lids closed over the weary eyes, and she fell asleep.

She dozed in this manner for an hour, when a voice sounded in her ears and partly aroused her.

"Etta! Etta!"

This word came to her like a memory of her childhood. Who was it that was calling her so familiarly by name?

"Etta! Etta!"

Again came the voice, and louder than before. She started up, and rubbed her eyes drowsily.

"Who calls?" she cried.

"Here—Etta!"

It was Peter Shaw calling upon her from the other room.

She went to the door and pushed it wide open, so as to let all the light she could into the darkened room.

"Are you there?" he asked.

"Yes; you called me?"

"Several times. Were you asleep?"

"Yes; in my chair."

"Poor girl! I fear I have deprived you of a night's rest."

"It does not matter. Do you feel any better, sir, this morning?"

"Yes; but not so well as I could wish. My head pains me, and my ideas are sadly confused, and I feel sore in every limb."

"That is no wonder, sir, considering the fall you had. It seems a marvel that you were not killed."

"Men do not die until their life's task is accomplished," answered Peter Shaw, with a strange gravity; "and my work is not yet finished—much more remains to do. Heaven has its own way in bringing events to pass, and we are but passive instruments in its hands."

He broke off from the moralizing strain to ask, abruptly: "Is your friend here?"

"Kate! no; she has gone with the work."

"Good! She is too curious. I have something that I wish to say to you alone."

Etta's heart gave a sudden bound.

"Ah! you will tell me. I knew you would!" she cried, joyfully.

This outburst appeared to surprise him somewhat.

"About what?" he asked.

"My father!"

"Ah! Do you not know that he is dead?"

"I have been told so—that he died when I was a child; my mother, also."

"Who told you so?"

"My aunt."

"Ah! Margaret Aylward?"

"No, Ward!"

He continued, without heeding the correction:

"Margaret Aylward never liked your father, for he passed her by to wed her younger sister. It was a slight she never forgave, and she was none the less bitter against him because it was unintentional. She was ready enough to side with the world against him, and she brought his children up in ignorance of their father's name."

"She did."

"And she did more; she changed her own name that he might never trace them out."

"Why should she do that if my father was dead?" cried Etta, quickly, and a new hope came into her heart.

"Who says he is dead?"

"You said so, did you not?"

"I!"

The vacant look was on Peter Shaw's face again, and Etta, with a woman's quick intuition, notwithstanding her short acquaintance with him, had learned that when that look came on, no direct answer could be expected from him. It was like a mask spread over the face to hide what was passing in the mind beneath.

"He is not dead!" exclaimed Etta. "He lives, and you know it! Will you not tell me where I can find him?"

He shook his head with a vacant action.

"I cannot tell you," he replied.

"You will not, you mean?"

"Well, well, it is not yet time. Have patience—you are young; you can wait."

"At least you will tell me his name?" she pleaded.

"How can I, when I do not know my own name? Don't you know what they call me?"

"The Man Without a Name?" Ha! ha! ha!"

His laugh sounded somewhat satirical in Etta's ears.

"You told me your name was Shaw," she said.

"And so it is—Peter Shaw. Don't you think it's a good name?"

"I don't know what to make of you!" she cried, in a bewildered manner.

He laughed dryly, and answered:

"I suppose not, child. Ah! I have puzzled older and wiser heads than yours. But I'll tell you what to make of me: make me your friend, and regard me as such, for I will be the best friend you ever had. Your lot is not a cheerful nor happy one, I know, by your surroundings; but I will make it brighter and happier—if I am spared—if I am spared!"

He muttered these last words in an undertone, and Etta caught them indistinctly.

"That is what Kate said," she rejoined.

"Ah, your companion—the sharp young lady? We must do something for her, too—though she looks amply able to take care of herself."

He put his hand to his head.

"My head feels sorely bruised," he continued.

"Let me bathe it for you—the doctor prescribed a liniment," she cried, quickly.

She hastened for the bottle, returned with it, and began to bathe his head. Gentle as was her touch, it made him wince.

"Does it pain you?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Yes; it burns with a dull, unceasing pain."

"You must have struck your head in coming down the chimney."

"I suppose so; that I was senseless when I fell—perhaps I owe my life to that, and I think my broad shoulders eased my descent. Is there not a lump upon my head?"

"Yes, a terrible one. Here it is."

"Ah! it is sensitive. That's where the villain struck me."

A new light flashed upon Etta's mind.

"Heaven's! The villains thought they had succeeded, and thrust me down the chimney to hide the evidence of their crime." He raised himself suddenly up, and grasped her wrist, continuing, forcibly: "But not a word of this—not to the doctor—not to your girl-friend—they must believe that I am dead—that they have succeeded—thus only can I defeat their machinations; for they are banded together, a gang of desperate and remorseless men, who would not stop at any crime to effect their purposes; and he, my old enemy, is at their head, their chief and leader."

"Oh! I will save you!" cried Etta, impulsively.

"You can remain here; they will never dream that you are here."

He sank back upon the pillow, nodding his head approvingly.

"The very thing," he replied. "I would remain here concealed; a week will answer. In that time the villains will develop their plan, and I shall be able to defeat it. Are there not some apartments vacant in this house?"

"Yes, the adjoining ones—that door leads to them; there are two, like these, but much more pleasant, for their windows look out upon the street."

"Nothing could be better! You shall take them for me. Some furniture can be obtained, I suppose—anything will do."

"Kate can arrange that—she knows more about such things than I do; but—"

"Well, why do you pause?"

"We have no money," faltered Etta, blushing painfully as she made the admission.

His hand sought his pocket at once.

"Ha! and my pocket-book is gone," he cried.

"That's awkward!"

"Oh! we have it, sir; we found it in the fireplace."

There, did I not say Providence watched over us? I wonder the villains did not pick my pocket, but they were after larger game than that. How much was there in it?"

This question was put absently, as if he was trying to recollect the amount, and Etta's prompt reply, "Five hundred dollars, sir," quite surprised him.

"Why, how do you know?" he cried.

"Kate counted it, sir."

He laughed pleasantly, crying:

"Ah! didn't I say she was sharp?"

"But she is an honest girl, sir," answered Etta. "It's all there, just as we found it; and I have your watch also."

He laughed again.

"I fell into good hands," he said. "Well, well, you shall be my cashier, and use as much of the money as you think proper."

"I'll get you some breakfast as soon as Kate comes."

"Very good; and arrange with her about securing these other rooms for me."

"I will. There she comes now."

"Remember! not a word of the murderous attack upon my life. A woman's tongue is an unruly member."

"And yet you trust me."

"Ah! yes—that is because—"

"You know who I am?" she replied, quickly.

"Yes."

"Why will you not tell me?"

"Because, my child, your safety lies in your present ignorance. I do not wish to involve you in the dangers that encompass me."

"These enemies who pursue you were my father's enemies?"

"Yes; and our cause is a common one against them. I would shield you from their deadly hate. If they knew you were living, they would destroy you. Ah! you do not know the golden bait that lures them on; but you shall—your shall, all in good time. Let me get back my strength again, and then I shall be ready for them."

"Etta!" called Kate, from the other room.

"Your friend is calling, go to her."

Etta left him, reluctantly.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 252.)

## ALIDA BARRETT,

### THE SEWING-GIRL;

#### OR,

#### THE DOOR IN THE HEART.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,

AUTHOR OF "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," "THE BEAUTIFUL FORGER," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### THE MYSTERIOUS ROBBERY.

CLARA had started up, and was gazing bewildered at her father. Her stepmother repeated the assurance just given.

"It was all untrue, then?" she sobbed. "I thought so."

"Think no more of it, my child! You have proved yourself my dutiful daughter; that is enough. It was a strange turn of affairs," he added, to his wife. "Just as I had given up to despair, deliverance came."

"After I left you?"

"Within the last ten minutes. A friend—no, I will not call him that—never mind! We need never look that horrible specter in the face again. How shall I show my gratitude? How shall I make my child happy?"

"You know how, papa," was the girl's answer, as she wiped away her tears.

"I do know, and compensation shall be made for all you have suffered. You need never see that Hammond again."

"Oh, thank you, papa! That pays for all."

"I hear Leon's step down stairs. Come into the drawing-room, and he shall bring us a visitor with whom I know he had an engagement this evening. They shall give it up, and spend it with us."

"Clara is not in spirits to receive company," observed the stepmother, with a clouded brow.

"Nor am I. We cannot pass at once from the deepest distress to hilarity."

"Hush; do you know who Leon was to meet this evening? The young Englishman, Cyril Hampton."

"You have not invited him here, after—"

"No; but I shall make amends for the injustice I did by sending for him now. Leon was to accompany him to the opera, but they can both get off, and come here instead. I will see my daughter smile once more. She knows, and you know, Laura, that it was not of my own will I tortured her so."

Clara had risen. She came close to her father, and threw her arms round his neck.

Mrs. Burke walked to the window. To her mind, all this vacillation savored of weakness. The wound dealt to her pride by the revelation made by her husband in his desperation and anguish of spirit could not be healed, or even covered, in a moment.

It was easy for him to make amends to his daughter by giving back her lover; what was to compensate her for the pain of the discovery she had made? The wealth for which she sold herself in girlhood a precarious possession, held at the peril of loss from day to day; the brilliant position so insecure, she should never again feel safe; the bitter recollection forced on her that, if she had been true to duty and to her youthful love, she might now have owned all she craved, without fear of having it wrested from her—these thoughts were bitter beyond expression. She had no sympathy with the joy that now seemed to prevail.

"Clara," she said, at length, "you had better go to the drawing-room since your father wishes it. You will excuse me; I have a violent headache."

Clara, still trembling with her new happiness, adjusted her dress, while her father went to speak to Leon, who was in his bedchamber.

Meanwhile, destruction to the new peace of the family was going on below.

Gideon Drake hurried from the study, as we have seen, and traversed the grounds under the shelter of the shrubbery.

As he approached the gate, a figure encountered him, a slender figure, wrapped in a mantle. The face could not be seen in the darkness, but the stranger appeared to recognize Gideon, from the familiar touch laid on his arm. He started and recoiled as if seized by an officer of justice. The cape of his cloak fell from his head.

There was a musical laugh at his affright, and the figure clutched him by both arms.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed the man, shaking off the grasp, and drawing the cloak around him.

Again a laugh—of mockery this time.

"Charlotte! what are you doing here?"

"Nay, father! what are you doing? At your old tricks—eh? Have you been robbing the banker's safe?"

"No; I came to bring him back some of his property. Let me go, I am in haste. Or come you with me! You can have no business here!"

"Not to look after you! I gave that up, years ago, when I determined to make my own fortune honestly. But what have you been doing here, father?"

"I brought some papers to Mr. Burke; papers he is to give me a fortune for! You and I can live at our ease, Charlotte. Come away now; I must be gone."

He seized her arm and drew her with him toward the gate. But she, in turn, freed herself.

"Go where you like, father. Will you come to me to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow, but I will on Monday. I have to leave the city to-night. Come with me."

"No; I will be my own escort home."

She pushed him out of the gate, listened for his retreating footsteps, and then closed it after him.

She moved stealthily toward the house. The words of Gideon rung in her ears.

"Papers worth a fortune!" she repeated. "They must be the papers I heard him talking about with the Western man. They could ruin him, he said. I vowed I would get hold of the whole secret, and I will! Is he there now?"

She was at the window of the study now. The gas was alight, and made every part of the room visible.

"No one here! Not a soul! But I can see the chairs he and father sat in close to the table, and the desk where he keeps his papers. I saw him open it when I was here last! It is a good chance for me! Is the door open?"

A trial showed her it was locked on the inside.

"I can get in through the kitchen," the resolute girl muttered, her black eyes flashing. "I can see the bunch of keys hanging from the desk. If I could get hold of those very papers, I would not suspect me of the robbery. I must try the window."

The sash had the usual fastening inside. She pulled open the shutters.

"No, I dare not try the kitchen. Ha! I have it."

She drew a small diamond ring from her finger, and lightly ran it across the glass of one of the panes, cutting it through. Putting in her hand, she then removed the fastening. The next instant she raised the lower sash and stepped into the room.

For a moment she listened intently. Her face, as she did this, glowed with a strange beauty, like some demon of ill. Her short black curls were pushed back, her dark eyes scintillated! Not a sound could be heard.

Then she glided swiftly across the room to the desk-cabinet where the keys hung, forgotten, for once, in his transport, by the banker.

She opened the door and snatched from the inside a packet of papers, tied with red tape. It was the very packet Gideon had brought back.

With trembling haste Miss Le Brun hid these in her bosom. Then she searched the cabinet, opening some of the drawers. One of them contained several rolls of bank notes. She closed it hastily.

"I won't take his money," she exclaimed; "I'll not touch a common thief. Nothing more. The other papers are too neatly done up and put away to be of consequence. Let me see."

Her examination showed them to be ordinary title deeds, mortgages, bonds, etc. It was plain that she had secured the spoil brought by her father.

Closing the desk, she locked it again, and went out by the way she came. She even took the precaution to refasten the sash, to press the cut pane together, and to shut the shutters closely. There was not a sound in or about the house.

Like a young fawn the girl sped across the garden and grounds and through the gate, disappearing in the darkness, just as she heard the roll of a carriage along the drive from the front, and heard a manly voice giving directions to the coachman.

She stopped still, panting for breath, and sought concealment in a thicket of young oak trees. Well she knew that voice.

"Where is he going?" she breathed softly to herself. "If he should see me, what excuse could I make? No, it is past; the man is driving very fast. Ah, Mr. Leon! I have with me what you will buy at a good price!"

As the roll of the carriage died away she resumed her rapid walk, and soon arrived at the terminus of the horse railway.

It was a happy family circle that evening in the drawing-room at "West End." The banker paid one brief visit to his study, and took away the keys he had forgotten.

He welcomed young Hampton when he came with Leon, explained to him that he had been deceived by some one, and led him into a misapprehension altogether, and assured him that he had his full approval to his union with his daughter.

The vague explanation offered was quite sufficient to satisfy the youthful lover. Clara was made happy in the society of the man she loved, while Leon and his father talked over the new aspect of affairs, and the favorable turn of commercial matters. The son thought it a propitious time to introduce the subject most interesting to himself.

"We are likely to have a wedding in the family," he remarked, smiling, as he pointed to the young pair, manifestly all the world to each other. "You have dispensed with the fortune in my sister's case, father."

"There is something in the world better than fortune," said the banker, musingly.

"I am glad you are sensible of that. Only let me share in the benefit of your discovery."

"I have learned some valuable lessons," added his father, "from the troubles I have passed through. We have been shutting the door in the heart to true happiness. But we must be on our guard in future, Leon. It will not do to steer so near the breakers, my son."

"You have always been too venturesome."

"So I find; and I shall hereafter do business

on the safe principle. We have been too near destruction to wish another storm."

"Can you provide for payment of this Hammond loan?"

"I have no doubt of it. The terms are such that I cannot be pressed beyond certain limits. He will be furious when he finds I have withdrawn my sanction to his suit for your sister's hand."

Leon knew nothing of the threats made to compel this bestowal of poor Clara. And his father, though in his desperation he had disclosed his peril to his wife and daughter, had no intention of telling him now. The gloomy secret could now be buried forever.

"I think you were imprudent, father," observed the young man. "Marriage, in this country, should not be made a commercial transaction."

"I agree with you, under ordinary circumstances. But these were peculiar."

"You have made Clara happy in her own way; you must do the same by me."

The banker was silent.

"I have determined to enter into business for myself."

"Yes, but I may need your assistance."

"You shall have it, boy, to the extent of my means."

"Thanks, father. I will begin to merit your confidence by perfect frankness on my part."

"Well—"

"I have made choice of a wife."

"Indeed! You are engaged to Miss Moseby?"

"No, not to her, nor to any one in our set, or our circle of acquaintances. I could not fancy one of the girls we meet in society; and I am not engaged to any one at all."

"I thought you said—"

"I have made my choice; but I have not been accepted."

The father looked astonished.

"You have fallen in love, and have been refused. And all by a girl not in society?" he exclaimed. "I don't think one of our circle would have rejected you, Leon."

"I have not been rejected either."

"Then you have not committed yourself."

"The girl I love would not listen to my suit, because she fancied my station and fortune superior to hers."

"Good sense and delicacy, certainly."

"She has a mind and heart worthy of princely rank! And the face of an angel!" cried the young man, rapturously.

"Who is this paragon?"

"I cannot bear ridicule on such a subject, and you would call it foolish infatuation. Perhaps I am mad; but I shall never marry, if I do not find and win this peerless girl."

"No rash resolves; if she has left you, she cannot return your affection."

"She would do so, if I had a chance to woo her!"



The banker's theory was that Hammond had discovered the theft of the documents by Gideon Drake, and, conjecturing that he had been employed to steal them, had instantly come to "West End" to recover them, and had succeeded through Burke's own carelessness in having left the keys half an hour in the cabinet.

He shuddered to think of what further might have happened. Perhaps Gideon had found Hammond out, and a fatal encounter had followed. He remembered Gideon's haste to be gone that night, and his expressed anxiety "to secure himself."

Why had he not returned since for the money, the reward of his crime? Could it be that he had struck at the life of the man he had robbed? Or had he shot him in some unfrequented place? If so, he must have visited his hotel to get the papers, which Hammond surely would not have carried about with him.

This idea seemed plausible. The villain must have taken the keys from the body of his victim and afterward gone to his room to use them. This would account for his haste to get away. But the subsequent theft was unaccountable.

With unspeakable agony the wretched man thus followed the dark labyrinth, striving to find one ray of comfort.

What was he, if his last theory should prove correct, but a murderer, liable to the vengeance of the violated law for complicity in the highest crime known to it?

Had he not himself suggested that crime to his willing instrument, and promised to reward it?

The strain in which he stood seemed then to justify any extreme measure for his relief. Now he felt as if he could bear even public exposure of his former fraud to be free from the black shadow of guilt wrapping his evil soul like a pall.

Gideon had left the city; he had no doubt of that, and hence, none of his guilt.

When the public excitement had died away he would not fail to return, and demand his pay; perhaps extort larger sums by threats of disclosure.

To what a fearful strait had the honest banker, the man of influence and wealth, been reduced by following the crooked paths of guilt and wickedness.

The doctor enjoined perfect quiet; but how was this to be attained? The agonizing suspense and apprehension would have worn a man in good health into sickness; their effects on Mr. Burke were terrible. And ere long an unexpected turn was given to affairs.

One morning when young Hampton was at the villa, as he now was every day, with other visitors—for the eminent banker's home was thronged continually—two strange men presented themselves, announcing "important business." They could not see Mr. Burke, Leon informed them, offering to attend to anything special himself. But the men strode past him into the drawing-room, and one of them strode up to Cyril Hampton, and laid his hand on his shoulder.

"You are my prisoner, sir," he said.

The consternation excited may be imagined. Young Hampton and Leon, in a breath, demanded the reason of this arrest.

It was on the charge of murder—the murder of Erastus Hammond, the officer replied.

The accusation was so preposterous the company were generally inclined to laugh at some ultra stupid blunder. Clara, however, grew pale as death, and leaned for support upon her stepmother. The English gentleman was presently ready to accompany the officers, and Leon was determined to go with him. Neither of them thought the matter in the slightest degree serious.

The young Englishman was taken for examination before the judges, but the absence of one of them rendered it necessary to defer the inquiry, and he was detained in custody till the following day. He learned enough, however, to excite some apprehension as to the result.

The attendants at the hotel were ready to testify that he had come at a late hour, on the night of the supposed murder, to see Mr. Erastus Hammond. His inquiry was so imperative as to arouse the attention of the servants and the clerk whom he had requested to send to the gentleman's room.

Disappointed of seeing him, he had asked particularly where he might have gone, and had expressed a determination to follow him, and to call again in two hours if he did not.

His whole aspect betokened some thing strange and sinister, the clerk had thought.

And there had been a witness to the scene in the garden on the night of the "Silver Wedding." His testimony proved that Hammond was the successful rival of young Hampton, at least in the banker's favor, in the suit for his daughter's hand.

Here was a motive supplied at once for hostile pursuit and a deadly encounter.

Other little incidents—trifles light as air—were remembered, to confirm the awakened suspicion.

Hammond had been heard to say that either he or Hampton would have to kill the other, if matters came to a crisis. And his bitter animosity toward the Englishman had cropped out on several occasions.

It is surprising how rapidly a structure will be raised on such foundations, and how quickly public opinion will veer round and hem in a suspected person. Few who heard of these circumstances doubted that the real criminal was caught at last.

This state of things could not be concealed from the elder Burke, but he did not seem to attach much importance to them.

It would be easy to prove, he thought, what the errand of his young friend had been that night, to request the immediate presence of Hammond at his house; and his attack of illness made the message a peremptory one. It also accounted for the messenger's pressing haste and determination to find the man he sought.

As to the alleged rivalry in love, that theory would fall to the ground when met by the fact that he had sanctioned his daughter's engagement.

That, indeed, removed from the accused the imputation of having sought his rival with desperate intent; but, alas! it added to the probability that Hammond had sought him with that object.

What more likely than that they had met in hot blood, and that the elder adversary had fallen a victim to an encounter provoked by himself?

At any rate, the circumstances appeared so suspicious, that when the day for examination came, Cyril Hampton was committed for his trial.

There was a morbid craving in the public mind for some victim, and the committal was universally applauded. Ingenious theories were set forth in the newspapers, and sensational paragraphs wrought up the excitement to the highest pitch. The rank and station of the supposed criminal added to it. Things began to look dark as to the result.

There were gloom and sadness in the family

at "West End." The banker was beginning to gain strength, the prospect of imminent exposure being lessened; but his daughter was overwhelmed with grief; and her stepmother chafed and fretted under the necessity of seclusion. They could not, of course, go into society while this cloud hung over them; and how bitter it was to know that their private affairs were the theme of malignant gossip!

She even proposed one day that they should take their departure for Europe; but that idea, of course, was negatived by all the rest.

One day Clara sent for her brother to come to her room. She was reclining in an easy-chair, pale as a lily; the tray of untasted luncheon on a table beside her. Leon greeted her kindly, and expressed concern at the sad change in her looks.

"I have a favor to ask, brother," she said. "You must take me to see Cyril."

"You?"

"Yes; you have seen him several times; and he has a right to expect as much from me. You must take me this afternoon."

"But you are not strong enough yet, Clara."

"I am; I shall not be better till I see Cyril."

"Our mother would object—"

"She shall know nothing about it."

"Nor my father; he is as much worried as she is, at the talk on the subject. Well, sister, if you are bent on it—"

"I shall be ready at four. Then Mrs. Burke is always in her chamber. You shall drive me out in the phaeton, Leon, by ourselves, and we will go to the prison."

"I will be ready."

"Oh, I thank you so much." The pale girl lifted her face for a kiss; but suddenly burst into tears, and covered it with her hands. Leon strove to soothe her.

"There, it is all over; I have not had a good cry yet; it has relieved me. Be sure you do not fail me, brother."

"But you must eat something, Clara, to keep up your strength," said the young man, glancing at the untasted breakfast or lunch.

"I will; do not fear."

"Let me ring for some hot coffee."

He did so, and insisted on seeing his sister drink the fragrant beverage, and eat, before he left the room.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

## OUTSIDE THE PRISON.

By four o'clock Clara was in the library waiting for her brother, dressed in a dark silk walking-suit, with a plain bonnet and thick barefoot. This she kept over her face as they drove through the streets in the open phaeton.

When they reached the gates of the prison, Leon gave his horse in charge of a porter, and offered his arm to his sister.

Presenting the order for admission, they were shown to one of the upper corridors, where Hampton was walking, in earnest conversation with a strange gentleman, one of his legal friends, he afterward informed them.

Hampton was in excellent spirits, and greeted them with a brightened face. His friend immediately took his departure, and the prisoner led the way to his cell. This was comfortably furnished, and several books and late newspapers lay on the table.

Cyril took both the hands of the trembling girl, and led her to an arm-chair furnished by one of the wardens for his use. He pressed her hands passionately to his lips, and thanked her for the comfort of her presence.

"You must not grieve, dearest," he said, "for this bit of ill-luck; the loss of liberty for a short time. The mistake will soon be cleared up."

"We are sure of that," observed Leon.

"Nobody can prove what never happened," the young man remarked, cheerily. "The worst is being cooped up here for a few weeks; and I manage to kill time with your books, Leon, and the papers brought to me, and a game of backgammon now and then with one of the officers, who is a staunch friend of mine. I did not know that imprisonment could be so jolly!"

Clara sighed, and threw back her veil. Her blanched, tear-stained face showed what she had suffered. Her lover felt this deeply, and spoke the more cheerfully to raise her spirits.

"I cannot help laughing," he said, "at times, to think what a case they have made out against me out of nothing at all! And how silly the lawyers and reporters will be when the truth comes out, showing how they have fooled themselves!"

With such talk he tried to rouse the drooping girl to hope and confidence; and Leon, wisely remembering the objection of lovers to a third party, excused himself for a while, and left the cell.

He walked about the corridor some time, and then went outside, to see if his horse was properly cared for. Then he stopped on hearing the conversation of one or two men before the steps of a grocery. They were talking of some new murder, and the visits of reporters to "interview" the prisoner.

Leon did not see a tall, slight female figure at a little distance, so wrapped up as to be disguised, and evidently watching him. As he moved to return into the prison, she glided up to him, and laid a detaining hand on his arm.

He started violently, and pulled his arm away. As he turned, facing the stranger, he met the fierce gaze of two black eyes familiar to him. The shrouded figure threw off a veil that had completely covered her face.

"Miss Le Brun!" he exclaimed, in utter surprise.

"I have been watching for you," she said. "I have come every day to see the young man in there," and she indicated the gloomy pile in the distance. "I wanted to speak to you, and I was sure to find you somewhere in this locality toward evening."

"And you came to meet me?"

"Have you saved me that trouble lately, Leon Burke? I am living in the same place, and you could see me almost any day at the Gazette office, you know."

"You must forgive me, Miss Le Brun, if I have seemed neglectful, after the pleasant hours we have spent together."

"If you have seemed neglectful?" repeated the girl, mockingly. "We were only pleasant acquaintances, then, and you felt at liberty to drop or renew our intimacy at any time?"

"I never meant the least disrespect or unkindness to you, indeed," Leon answered, earnestly.

"Oh, I dare say not. You were only playing at a safe game, and you did not care that your sport might be my death!" Charlotte cried, in a broken voice, struggling to suppress her rising emotion.

"By all that I hold sacred—"

"Stop; this is no place for any explanation! We must go somewhere to be private, for I have something of importance to say."

She turned to walk up the street, and made a gesture commanding him to follow her.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 248.)

## Injun Dick:

OR,

## THE DEATH SHOT OF SHASTA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "KENTUCK, THE SPOT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "WOLF DEMON," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## A WEAK OLD MAN.

Old Ugly looked at Elinore for a moment as if he was not quite certain that he had understood her meaning.

"You think you know why he wanted to go in partnership with me in the mine?"

"Yes," replied the girl, decidedly.

"Oh, I see; you think that I talked him into believing that there was a big stake in the claim," and the old man chuckled. He felt pleased that he should be complimented upon his cunning.

The girl sighed, and an expression of pain passed over her beautiful face. She saw only too plainly what an utter and miserable wreck her once proud and upright father had become.

"I know a thing or two," the old fellow said, with a wise shake of the head.

"That is not the reason, father. How often do you see this Cherokee?" she demanded.

"Only when I go in town."

"And yet for the past two weeks there has hardly been a day when he has not been lurking around this house."

Old Ugly looked at his daughter in wonder.

"Why, what's the matter with you, Nelly?" he said, soothingly; "you must be dreaming."

The old man really began to believe that his daughter's mind was affected.

"I am not dreaming," she cried, almost fiercely. "But you may wake some day and find that you have been dreaming. I tell you, father, that nearly every day for at least two weeks I have seen him lurking around this place. There are cracks in the side of the house looking to the hillside, and through them I have watched this man without his knowledge."

"What do you suppose brings him?" asked Ugly.

"That is for you to guess."

"As for the other fellow," observed the old man, very abruptly, "this Sandy Rocks, I reckon I know what he's been hanging round here for, and throwing dead birds and rabbits and such trash against my door." He spoke with contempt of Sandy's gifts, yet had always eaten heartily of them, and without any compunctions.

The girl's face colored up slightly at the mention of the name, but she held her ground with firm determination.

"And what does he want?" she asked.

"A young lady about your size, I guess," and the old man smiled.

"Course I wouldn't allow such a thing!" he added, indignantly. "He's a good fellow enough, but wait till I've made a bit and then I'll take you back East and you can marry in your own circle," and as the old man spoke, so strong was his imagination, that the Shasta valley, lava rocks, flowing stream, wing-dam vision, and again he stood amid the blaze of the gas-lights and the crush of the ball, silks to the right and satins to the left, half a dozen mayors of the great city shaking hands with him, and expressing his pleasure that his esteemed friend had once again taken his place amid the great ones of the East.

But to the daughter, what hollow mockery there was in the candied words of empty fashion! Her own circle! What was it now? The rocks and pines of the Shasta valley; the rattlesnake her escort; the howl of the mountain wolf and the scream of the preying eagle the music of her orchestra; and yet, she had been reared surrounded by every luxury.

A long-drawn sigh came from the girl's lips and the sound aroused the old man from his day-dream.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"The matter?" she cried, bitterly. "It makes my very heart ache when I hear you speak of returning to the East. Do you forget what we left behind us? Do you think that all the gold that lies hid in these mountains would cover up the shame?"

"Oh, nonsense! Gold will cover up anything. When a man has got plenty of money he can do almost anything. Gold won't make the blind see, but it will make clear, keen eyes very near-sighted."

"A million of dollars would not hire me to return to the East," the girl announced, decisively.

"Well, you can stay here then, but just as soon as I make a strike and get fifty or a hundred thousand dollars together, I'm going! I'm going to beat those Wall street robbers at their own game. I'll get hold of a stock and catch 'em short of it, and oh! won't I put the screws on two hundred to settle, gentlemen, and quick too, or up she goes higher, ah!" And the old wreck of a man rubbed his hands together and chuckled with glee. He talked of a hundred of thousands of dollars, and he could only count his money by cents. "You can stay here, if you want to," he added, "and marry that tow-headed giant."

"Or this long-headed gentleman who allows you to swindle him so easily," she suggested, bitterly.

"Well, there ain't much difference between them."

"Except that one is a miner and the other gets his living by cards."

"Everybody plays cards here," the old man responded, testily. "So they do East, only they keep more quiet about it. All the world gambles more or less; trade is all one great cheating operation; not half so honest as regular card-playing."

"You say so because in the world's battle you have been beaten," Elinore rejoined.

"No, I was not beaten; I was cheated by a set of rogues who called themselves Christian gentlemen, who pretended to be my friends, and who stole my money!" exclaimed the old man, violently.

"But this contract!" returning suddenly to the original subject. "Will you not give it up?"

"No, I won't! do you want me to starve?" cried old Ugly in an injured tone.

"I would rather starve than live upon the charity of this stranger!" Elinore declared, spiritedly.

"Taint charity at all; it's a fair bargain, but you women don't understand nothing 'bout business." The old man happened just then to take a look up at the far western horizon and saw that the sun had disappeared. "I must be off!" he said, rising.

"Will you not stay for supper?"

"No; I am going to take supper at the whereabouts of some of the boys, and I'll tell

you what it is, Nelly, I'll just talk to both Sandy Rocks and Cherokee 'bout coming 'round here; I'll put a stop to it."

Elinore looked her father straight in the face and she saw by the expression there that he hadn't the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind. But she did not speak; all remonstrance she saw was useless. She felt that a mysterious power, stronger than her own will, was hurrying her onward, and like a fatalist she yielded, unresisting, to destiny.

Old Ugly started off for the city, making haste to get away so as to escape further conversation with his daughter. To use his favorite expression, "there was no reasoning with a woman."

Upon arriving in the city, Ugly discovered Cherokee standing in front of the Occidental, and he immediately exhibited to him the balance-sheet for the week, skillfully concealing his apprehension that his partner might naturally find fault at being required to pay out money instead of receiving it, by explaining to him that it was the best week that he, Ugly, had ever known at the mine, and as the product had exceeded the preceding week by some five dollars, the outlook was extremely favorable that the next week would exhibit a very decided increase over the present one.

Greatly to Ugly's comfort, Cherokee only remarked that they had better deposit the dust and the two proceeded down to the express office for that purpose. That operation performed, Cherokee took Ugly to Pollock's store and informed the storekeeper that the old man was good for ten dollars worth of stuff, and to charge to his—Cherokee's—account. But, after this was finished, as the two proceeded up the street, old Ugly suddenly made the unwelcome discovery that the net result of his contract with Cherokee was to deprive him of all ready money until the end of the month. And as he had come to town with the intention of winning a small fortune that night at poker, this was extremely disagreeable. He determined to borrow a small sum from the obliging Cherokee.

The two entered the Occidental and sat down at a table for supper.

The "army" of the Clear-grit Sharp were not three yards off.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

## THE BULLY DELIBERATES.

ONCE again the sable mantle of night covered in the thriving city of Cinnabar. Once again the saloons had illuminated their windows and prepared to dispense creature comfort to the hard-handed miners of the Shasta valley.

One by one the brawny, huge-bearded sons of toil had come trooping in to the center, all intent upon enjoying a few hours of pleasure after the toils of the day.

It was early in the evening, and the regular sports of the night had not yet begun. Cinnabar City rarely unbended itself until after nine o'clock at night.

Standing in front of the Occidental Hotel were two men well known to our readers—two men of the redoubtable "army" that had enlisted under the banner of the Clear-grit Sharp.

To come at once to the point, the two were Jack Ball and his fellow-bravo, Dennis Shannon.

Our readers will remember that in the peculiar death-lottery devised by the creative wits of the Clear-grit Sharp, Ball had been "elected" to accomplish the death of the long-bearded Cherokee.

And as the two stood before the door of the hotel, it was upon this very subject that they were conversing.

Ball, heavily jawed and scant of brain, had pondered long and thoughtfully over the subject. Exactly how to set about the difficult task he knew not. If Cherokee had been an almost unknown miner, dwelling in some secluded cabin among the hills, the task would have been a comparatively easy one. Mr. Ball would have laid in wait for him some dark night, and would have hit him over the head with as little ceremony as if he had been a pole-cat instead of a man.

But the able and accomplished master of the art of poker-playing dwelt within the Occidental Hotel. He was not much in the habit of promenading after nightfall, and upon the two or three occasions that the watchful Ball had succeeded in discovering Cherokee alone, that gentleman had manifested such an interest in his surroundings, that Ball, with all his cunning, had never been able to get within striking distance of his destined victim.

"Bless me! if it don't look to me as if he's got an hide that some cove was a lay-in' for!" Mr. Ball said, in confidence to his chum, Shannon.

"Beadie, it looks like it!" the Irishman thought.

"I've been arter 'im for three days now and I'm getting tired of the blasted thing," Ball growled.

"He's in here every night," Shannon suggested, indicating the hotel as he spoke.

"Yes, well I know it," Ball replied; "but what chance 'as a man at 'im in this blasted place with 'is crowd round 'im."

"Shure! he's a high-toned gentleman; why not go in an' pick a quarrel wid him; he'd be obligated for to fight yees," the Irishman suggested.

"I'd a big sight rather get a lick at 'im in the dark," Ball confessed.

"But, if you can't, how can yees? Shure! ye are a bigger man than he! Why shouldn't ye get the better of him in a fair fight?"

"I've heered that he's quicker'n lightning on the shoot," Ball intimated.

"Try him wid the knife!" proposed Shannon.

"I'd a mighty sight rather pound him with my fists," the Englishman returned.

"Shure that is as good a way as any, but it's not likely to kill him," Shannon observed.

"I don't know about that. If I kin git a lick at 'im, good and square, I wouldn't give much for his life after it."

"Ye'll have the advantage on yee side, anyway," the Irishman suggested.

"Well, I jest bet you I will! I wish that I 'ad a dollar for every time that I've put my hands up in a twenty-four foot'ing."

"But the blaggard may not be willing to fight you wid his fists!"

"I guess that I can fix it so that he will have to," the Englishman replied, in his dogged, surly way. "He's a pipe-stem feller, an' hif I get a fair 'ug on him onct I kin squeeze the very life out of 'im."

"I'll go bail that you will do that same!" the Irishman exclaimed, in admiration.

"S'pose you jest kin round town han' run the boys up 'ere," Ball said. "We'll need all our crowd when the trouble begins."

"I'm off, as the cartridge said to the gun when the cap flashed, do-ye-mind!" and with a broad grin upon his ugly features, Shannon started.

It did not take him very long to discover the whereabouts of the members of the army.

Velarde, the Mexican, was in a little monte "shop," kept by a fellow Greaser, at the lower end of the town. Yuba was down at his old quarters, the jail, just run into the calaboose for attempting to "clean out" the inmates of a low shanty of very doubtful reputation, situated half-way between the "city" and its flourishing suburb, Angel's Bar.

After a long parley with the jailer, Shannon succeeded in getting Yuba released—upon parole—the gentle William pledging his word of honor as a gentleman and a scholar that he would return to durance vile before morning.

This skillful operation cost the friendly Irishman one dollar and fifty cents—"refreshments." Prisoner, jailer and friend had all adjourned to a neighboring saloon to talk the matter over.

But for a time the whereabouts of the veteran bummer, Joe Bowers, puzzled the rest of the "army." High and low through Cinnabar town they sought for the man of rags and fluent speech. Diligently they questioned, but all without avail, until at last a dirty youth, hearing of the search, volunteered the information that "thar was a fat an' greasy cuss asleep in his old man's hog-pen."

That this was the veteran, Bowers, no one of the searchers for a moment doubted, and they proceeded at once to the spot, and there, sure enough, curled up asleep with the mother pig and three little ones, was the bummer.

From his heavy breathing, it was evident that Joseph Bowers, Esq., had been indulging to excess in strong liquors.

"Oh, mother of Moses! to slape wid the pigs!" exclaimed the Irishman, in astonishment.

"I reckon he don't keep much!" Yuba observed. "He smells worse nor the pigs, any time. He's a reg'lar walking distillery. You kin smell whisky of he's anywhere within a mile."

Ball did not make any remark upon the subject, but he climbed over the fence of the pig-pen and began to boot the sleeping man in a most vigorous and scientific manner.

Mr. Bowers awoke instantly, and sat up, a look of indignation upon his discolored face.



## THE SLEIGH-RIDE.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

That night with horse and sleigh I stopped  
In front of Pagan's post,  
And waited very anxiously  
For Jenny the immortal.  
The bells impatient rung her,  
And with my heart-beats mingled;  
The moon struck silver from the snow,  
The frost it fairly tingled.

At last she came in cloak and hood.  
I wrapped the robes around her;  
Those buffaloes changed to queenly robes;  
Ah, could I then have crowned her!  
"All ready!" and away we went  
With speed that sorely tried me!  
The stars were shining in the sky,  
My star shone there beside me.

The bells they danced to merry time,  
My happy state to suit, sure,  
In every jingle seemed to ring  
The music of the future.  
Away we went. Her joyous laugh  
Rung gayly as a swallow's;  
I thought how cheap was happiness  
With sleigh-hire at three dollars!

Away we went, by wood and field,  
With many a farm-house flitting,  
But what cared I for house or lands,  
My fortune by me sitting?  
The snow upon that road was smooth  
As any I ever went on.  
Said I, "This road to glory leads!"  
She said it went to Trenton!

I told her through my love for her  
That I was almost dying.  
She sweetly answered, "Watch that stump,  
You'll find your horse a-lying."  
The horse shied and she grasped my arm;  
To run he did endeavor;  
Ah, gentle touch! I almost wished  
That horse could shy forever!

"Ah, Jenny, peace unto your heart!  
Protection heaven has sent you;  
I would, through all life's runaways,  
With all my power defend you.  
If you would let me hold the hand  
Of one so poor and humbled,  
I'd—here the sleigh struck on a rock,  
And out we both were tumbled.

Away we went clear of the road,  
Each vaulting like a leaper,  
And I who had been deep in love  
In snow was some feet deeper.  
We walked back home—a silent walk;  
I felt great pity for her;  
And since that time she's looked on sleighs—  
And me with perfect horror.

THE  
Young Seal-Hunter.OR,  
ADVENTURES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.BY C. DUNNING CLARK,  
AUTHOR OF "GILBERT, THE GUIDE," "IN THE  
WILDERNESS," "CAMP AND CANOE,"  
"ROD AND RIFLE," ETC., ETC.

## XI.—The Open Sea.—The Deserted Schooner.

"They were the first,  
That ever burst,  
Into that silent sea."

—ANCIENT MARINER.

As they marched on, the captain noted with  
delight that the thermometer was rising, and  
that the ice in the center of the channel became  
less thick, with cracks in many places. As  
they passed over the snow-covered surface,  
they could feel the floor rise and fall below  
them, and knew that they were nearing open  
water. Jan, who was seated on the front of  
the sledge, rose to his feet suddenly, and looked  
out ahead.

"A ship! a ship!" he cried.  
"A ship!" half screamed the captain.  
"What are you talking about? A ship here  
before us?"

"Look, look, capten!" shouted the Esqui-  
maux. "Me see him."

Maylie looked ahead, and there, miles in  
front, but easily seen through the clear atmos-  
phere of this high latitude, he saw the taper-  
ing masts of a schooner, with only her topsails  
and jib hoisted.

"Ralph," said the captain, sinking back into  
his seat, "we are beaten, after all."  
"Let it be so, captain," replied the young  
mate. "We will give all honor to the men  
who have done this, but it will not be the less  
an honor that we have been able to do so much.  
Hurry up, Jan."

But they could not hurry now. The ice was  
getting rotten, and Jan would only proceed  
with caution, creeping along under the shadow  
of the land, upon the shore ice. The minutes  
seemed hours; the officers left the sledge, and  
ran on before it, keeping the schooner in sight.

"She is not fast in the ice, captain," cried  
Ralph. "See; the water is open on both sides  
of her."

"That is true, Ralph. Do you see any signs  
of life on board?"

"Not yet. Let us make haste, and get to  
her as quickly as possible.  
They ran rapidly along the ice, and in half  
an hour stood abreast of the schooner. She  
was lying in an open channel, at least three  
hundred yards wide. They now saw that she  
was a large and well built vessel, her battered  
hull showing that she had passed through  
rough seas. There was an untidiness about  
her rigging, which did not please the sailor eye  
of Captain Maylie.

"She is a good sea boat, but the lubbers  
have neglected her. Her rigging is in a shape  
which would be disgraceful in a Dutch skuyt.  
Can you make out her name?"

"The Seal Hunter, Nantucket," replied  
Ralph.

The captain uttered a cry of surprise.  
"Schooner ahoy!" he cried.  
No voice replied; the silence of the dead  
reigned about the place.

"Ralph," said the captain, "who shall say  
that Providence is not with those who have  
the will to work out His decrees? You see  
that schooner; I tell you that she is abandoned,  
and was given up for lost three years ago.  
How she came here, so far to the north, I can-  
not tell, but in that schooner we will search for  
the open sea."

Ralph slapped his thigh with a loud laugh.  
"Hurrah for us, Cap!" he cried. "We will  
do the trick, never fear. But, how are we go-  
ing to reach her?"

By way of reply, the captain reached out  
the seal lance, which he carried to aid him in  
walking over the rough ice, and drew a float-  
ing cake close to the place where he stood.

"Here is a boat," he remarked. "Get  
aboard!"

The two stepped out on the cake, and using  
their lances as paddles, moved it steadily to-  
ward the abandoned craft. In a few moments  
they were under her bows, and then clamber-  
ing up the fore chains.

The schooner was indeed abandoned, but in  
far better shape than they had dared to hope.  
She sat on the water as lightly as a duck, and  
it was plain that there was no water in her  
hold. Two good boats lay upon deck, and  
they knew that the crew had left her in great  
haste, for the deck was littered with barrels,  
boxes, and cans of preserved meats. The wheel  
was lashed amidships, and thus the vessel was  
steering herself. At the bows hung two good  
anchors, somewhat rusty, but in good condi-

tion in other respects. They went below, and  
found the same confusion there, as if everything  
had been left in haste. Upon the table lay a  
log book, open, and held in its place by a heavy  
weight. Removing this weight, the captain  
read aloud:

SCHOONER SEAL HUNTER, Nantucket.  
In lat. 80° long. — The schooner is fast in  
the ice, and the men have mutinied. They will  
not stand by the schooner, and insist upon a  
march over the ice. It is death to them and to  
me, but I see no hope. I have kissed my  
wife and children for the last time, and go to  
meet the fate which Franklin met before me.  
God forgive my sins, and care for those I leave  
behind.  
THOMAS MUNSON, MASTER.

"I knew him," said Maylie, sadly. "A good  
man and a brave sailor, but one who did not  
know how to deal with mutineers. Let us  
search further."

They went about the schooner and found  
that she had plenty of provisions, and that her  
hold was full of seal-skins, in excellent order.  
There was no man, living or dead, on board;  
and Maylie took possession.

"We must get a line ashore, and tow her  
to the fast ice," he said. "She needs  
some little refitting before I will trust her in  
the ice."

They got out a two inch hawser and made  
it fast to the bowsprit. Then, stepping on  
their ice-raft again, they took the end of this  
line ashore, Jan staring in astonishment at the  
vision of a ship in these seas. The party laid  
hold of the hawser, and with infinite labor  
drew the schooner close to the ice, and then  
made her fast. This done, they set to work  
with a vim, cleared the foremast and jib of the  
ice which clung to them, and knocked off the  
ice from the foremast, so that the sail could be  
hoisted.

"We have not got force enough to raise the  
mainmast," said Maylie.

"Or the foremast, for that matter," added  
Bates.

"You will see. We are worn out and will  
rest, but first I am going to give you a  
treat."

He entered the cabin, and opening a large  
locker, showed them several tons of coal  
stowed there. In half an hour a blazing fire  
was roaring in the cabin stove, and a pot of  
coffee was hissing above it. They found pota-  
toes, frozen, it is true, but as they had never  
been thawed out, they answered just as well.  
They had bacon; pickles, ship's bread—in fact,  
everything to be found on board a well pro-  
visioned ship. And there, before a roaring  
fire, they drank their hot coffee, and ate the  
first civilized meal which they had tasted for  
some days.

At six o'clock they were up and busy. The  
foremast was too heavy for them to hoist, but  
the captain rigged a fall, and for once made  
sailors of the dogs, by harnessing them to the  
tackle. By the aid of Jan's whip they were  
persuaded to pull, and the sail went up gayly.  
Then the peak was hoisted, the jib sent up,  
and the Seal Hunter was ready for a cruise.  
The seals were sporting all about them, so Jan  
went out with his lance and dog, and in half  
an hour had seven fine fat seals for the use of  
the dogs.

"We are afloat!" cried Maylie. "Take the  
wheel, Bates."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

The man stepped to the wheel, which he  
found to work admirably. How the rudder  
had been preserved through all the shocks  
it had passed it was impossible to say, but she  
minded her helm admirably, and glided  
through the channel before a fair breeze.

As they proceeded the channel widened,  
and at length they entered a basin at least two  
miles wide, which might well be said to be free  
from ice. At least, it was no worse than much  
of the sea through which they had passed after  
leaving Upernivik, and much better than  
most of the water way. The schooner be-  
haved beautifully, and every one was de-  
lighted.

"It is worth living for to do this trick," re-  
marked Bates, drawing a deep breath. "Look  
at the birds, captain; they all head north."  
"We have got the best of it, boys," replied  
the captain. "Head for that black cape on  
the eastern side; just clear it, that is all."

They sailed on steadily, the seals sporting  
about them, the walrus rearing his ferocious  
looking head from the tide, the Narwhal  
leaping in front, and ducks, doves and other  
northern birds sailing over their heads to the  
northward.

It was twenty miles to the cape, and two  
hours passed before they reached it. A bare,  
brown, rocky cliff arose on one side, and on  
the other, twenty miles away, they could catch  
the outline of other land, abrupt and dark.

The prow of the schooner passed the cliff, and  
the captain and Ralph ran forward, as with a  
leap as if of joy, the swift schooner bounded  
into the open sea, which rolls around the pole!  
They had solved the mystery of the north, and  
the prow of their schooner parted water in  
which a ship had never rested since first the  
world was.

"Up with the flag!" cried Maylie. "Up  
with it, I say!"

The halyards had been rigged before they  
sailed, and the stars and stripes fluttered slowly  
to the peak, held in place by Esquimaux  
Jan. They greeted the starry banner with  
three times three and a tiger, and then turned  
to look at the broad sea before them.

It was open, as they had hoped. Small, de-  
tached cakes of ice floated upon it, but nothing  
more than is seen in any northern sea. The  
great waves rose and fell regularly, and the  
schooner rocked gently upon its bosom. These  
men could hardly believe their good fortune,  
and yet here they were, above the belt of ice  
which guards the northern pole.

"Hug the shore, Bates," ordered Maylie.  
"I don't want to lose our channel, and if we  
put out to sea it may trouble us."

They ran up the coast for twenty miles. Its  
appearance changed as they went; instead of  
glistening icebergs, they saw a sterile land,  
brown and bleak, much like southern Green-  
land. Herds of large animals could be seen  
grazing upon the slopes, and wishing to investi-  
gate, they ran into a haven under a projecting  
cape, where they could study this strange coun-  
try.

They saw the musk ox, grazing content-  
edly, and countless in number; and reindeer in  
great droves, trotting up and down the grassy  
slopes, undisturbed by man.

The rocks along the shore formed the resting-  
places of myriads of sea-birds, which rose  
in clouds above the land, then settled again in  
their rocky home. The air was cold, but not  
unpleasantly so, and Maylie knew that they  
could winter here much more agreeably than  
anywhere in the ice-belt through which they  
had passed.

For a week they sailed along this coast, find-  
ing it more fresh and green as they proceeded,  
until it ended in a long, green cape, which they  
rounded, and saw that the land tended to the  
south-west.

"We can do no more," admitted Maylie.  
"With such a crew as ours we dare not go to  
sea, and must return. But God knows if the  
crew of the Centipede were here, we would ex-

plore this mysterious sea better, or, like the  
Flying Dutchman, cruise about it until the  
timbers rotted beneath our feet. Ready; we  
must go about."

## The Crimson Mask.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

ANTONIA HAVEN looked down from her su-  
perb height at petite Agate May—little bloss-  
om-faced Agate, with her shy, downcast eyes  
of June sky-blue, and her thick, short, golden  
hair that curled in loose tendrils all over her  
head.

Antonia was a queenly girl, who well knew  
and justly rated her attractions. She was  
dark, like an Italian, with great slumberous  
eyes that languished so delightfully when they  
wanted them to; with coal-black hair always  
arranged in the most fashionable style; a styl-  
ish, dashing girl, who liked gentlemen's society  
generally, and Vaughan Ringsland's in particu-  
lar.

Just at this identical moment of which we  
write Mr. Ringsland was lounging on the sofa in  
Mrs. May's sitting-room—one of those lazy,  
handsome blonde fellows who hide such an im-  
perious will under their indolent, graceful  
ways; and he was looking from Miss Haven's  
dark, scornful face to Agate's fair, pearl-like  
one.

"You don't really mean you believe in Fate,  
or Destiny, or any such nonsense?"  
Agate raised her eyes shyly.

"I always think what is to be, will be,"  
said she, gently.

"Without regard for man's free agency? Well,  
you can't convince me of any such nonsense.  
Mr. Ringsland, what do you think?"

She asked the question in her most bewitch-  
ing tone, looking at him with dangerous glances  
in her dark eyes.

Ringsland laughed with magnificent uncon-  
cern.

"I don't know where you will put me. I  
think with Agate, that what is to be, will be—  
of course it is an axiom—that declaration.  
Also I believe firmly in man's free agency.  
For instance—"

He looked roughly at her, and Antonia's  
heart gave a sudden thrill under his splendid  
gray eyes.

Her voice lowered precisely enough as she  
answered:

"For instance—what, Mr. Ringsland?"

He was a bad fellow—this jolly Vaughan  
Ringsland, or he never would have telegraphed  
Miss Haven such a meaning look.

"I meant simply and solely for an example,  
you know—that if, for instance I had made up  
my mind to win a certain lady, I should be a  
firm believer in man's free agency; while, on  
the other hand, if she was determined to win  
me, and I was not in the same mood, I would  
not answer that what was to be would be—  
that is, she wouldn't be successful."

It was a very strange speech, but, somehow,  
its very daring, its very conceit delighted An-  
tonia, who was so surfeited with ordinary,  
every-day love-makings.

So, utterly oblivious of the dainty blushes  
in Agate May's cheeks as she listened to Rings-  
land, Antonia went on, almost gleefully.

"Then surely you believe in astrologers,  
Mr. Ringsland? I do—oh! if Agate could  
only once hear one of them."

Agate was turning over the leaves of the  
music Ringsland had brought her; her pretty  
face still flushed with pleasure at his last words.

Now she looked up into Antonia's hand-  
some, vivid face.

"A fortune-teller? Oh, Antonia, I have al-  
ways wanted to have my fortune told. Can't  
we go somewhere?"

Ringsland laughed.

"And hear of the inevitable 'light-com-  
plexioned' and 'dark-complexioned' young man;  
of the little that is dead sure to come, and a  
surprise that is awaiting you. I can tell you all  
that, Agate."

Miss Haven turned her black eyes on him  
again.

"Can you conjure up the picture of her fu-  
ture husband? I know of a number of cases  
where it has been done. I can take Agate to  
such a seeress in an hour."

Agate's blue eyes opened.

"Can they? don't they ever make a mis-  
take?"

Ringsland was enjoying her childish inno-  
cence and astonishment to the full, and now  
he answered so very gravely that it set Agate's  
heart all a-flutter.

"Never! so correct are they, Agate, that if  
you happened to be engaged to one fellow, and  
the astrologer showed you the picture of an-  
other, you'd find yourself giving up the first,  
even if you didn't want to, and waiting for  
the other one."

"Then I hope they'll show me—"

Agate paused suddenly, in sweet confusion,  
but in that one hesitating second, Antonia  
read her secret.

She loved Vaughan Ringsland, the man An-  
tonia herself was in ecstasies over, and of  
whom she had boasted to her friends.

A hard, steely glitter shone in her black  
eyes for a moment, then she laughed softly.

"Take care, Agate! Wait until we go to-  
morrow, and then we'll tell Mr. Ringsland all  
about it when we come back."

And Agate, nothing suspecting, went to her  
room that night, and lay down on the lace  
fluted pillow beside Antonia Haven's jetty-  
haired head, thinking, as she closed her eye-  
lids, that, if the fortune-teller would only  
show her Vaughan Ringsland, she would be  
the happiest girl in Christendom.

It was a large, semi-dark room, hung with  
curtains of dark brown, on which were in-  
scribed various hieroglyphics, the very sight  
of which sent curdles of horror all over Agate  
as she waited alone in the dim, mysterious  
place, while Antonia preceded her into the in-  
ner sanctum where the big cauldron boiled, and  
the seeress murmured her incantations, and  
showed you the picture of your future husband  
—all for a dollar.

Antonia had wanted Agate to go first, but  
Agate wouldn't; she was nervous, and even  
objected to remaining alone in the waiting-  
room while Antonia disappeared behind the  
curtain.

But she sat there, in a stiff-backed, uncon-  
fortable chair, feeling somewhat reassured at  
the sound of human voices behind the curtain,  
and one of them Antonia's; then—springing  
from her chair with a jump when there came  
an undeniable scream from Antonia's lips—  
whether of fear, or pain, or astonishment, she  
could not tell—until the curtains parted, and  
Antonia herself came through, pale, and anx-  
ious, and agitated.

"Agate! Agate! what shall I do? See here  
—oh, Agate, can it be true! can there be such  
bliss in reserve for me! Come—see him,  
Agate!"

Almost as bewildered as herself, Agate fol-  
lowed her into the inner room, a small, horri-

ble place, with the floor and ceiling painted in  
all sorts of grotesque designs; and in the cen-  
ter of the room a large crucible of fragrant  
liquid boiling furiously, presided over by a  
strange, foreign-looking woman, with a long,  
flowing robe of black, embroidered in what  
looked like winged serpents.

Agate took it in at a glance; then followed  
the direction of Antonia's finger.

Behind a large square glass transparency,  
and around which a flame of red hue was  
circling from a crucible fire at its base, was  
a picture, as perfect in every detail as if the  
original had stood before them, from the care-  
less toss of the hair off the forehead to the  
slight cleft in the chin—Vaughan Ringsland,  
to the life.

Agate gazed helplessly at it, then at An-  
tonia, as if she failed to grasp the meaning.  
Then, it came to her like a revelation of most  
awful misery, and she almost gasped the ques-  
tion that arose to her lips.

"Not—no! Ringsland—for you?"

Her piteous incredulity that Ringsland could  
be other than herself shot a pang even to  
Antonia's hard heart.

"Yes, it is Fate! I cannot help it; and,  
Agate, it is not such a terrible destiny, is it?"

There was a gleam of triumph in her eyes  
as she noted how implicitly the girl accepted  
the "Fate"; and as she glanced at the smiling,  
handsome face over which the crimson flames  
were fading, she thought for Ringsland's sake  
anything was right.

Agate sat still as a statue, only her eyes be-  
tokening the snapping of hope's sweet chords  
in her heart; then, after several minutes, she  
arose, wearily.

"You must know how it hurts me, An-  
tonia; but, as you say—it is Fate. No one is  
to blame—it isn't your fault if he loves you;  
you are so beautiful. But, Antonia, it is aw-  
ful to bear! I love him, too—oh, my God, I  
never knew till this moment how much I did  
love him!"

It was her one outburst—her one complaint,  
but it was eloquent with the desolation of her  
young heart.

She refused to have her future predicted—  
no insinuation of grand, good luck could in-  
duce her—there was no good luck for her ever  
again.

So they went away—home, where they  
would see the sunshine of Vaughan Ringsland's  
fair face, and hear the tones of his voice that  
made one woman's heart ache awfully, as she  
thought of the bright, ebony-haired beauty be-  
tween them, who was his "Fate"—poor little  
Agate, whose belief was as unalterable as the  
laws of the Medes and Persians.

And Antonia—her eyes danced as Rings-  
land had never seen them dance before, as she  
came in the library, to bring him the promised  
report.

"Well!—and you received your dollar's  
worth? Aggie, child—why, what's the matter  
with you?"

He sprang from his library-chair, almost  
eagerly, and reached his arm to detain Agate  
from passing through the room.

She shrunk away, as if hurt by the contact  
of his hand.

"Don't, please. Nothing is the matter. I  
don't feel quite well, that is all."

She went on past the table and through the  
door, followed by Antonia's bright eyes, and  
Ringsland's surprised glances.

"Poor child," Antonia said, so tenderly;  
"she is a little distant—a little disappointed."  
I think. She—she—"

She let her eyes fall  
before Ringsland's roguish glances.

"Yes—she saw what or didn't see what!  
Give me the report *verbatim et literatim*; also  
your own. You can't imagine how anxious  
I am."

"She changed her mind at the last. I went  
first, and when—when they showed me the  
picture of—of—my future husband—"

Ringsland interrupted her with an exclamation  
of incredulity.

"You actually saw the picture of your fu-  
ture husband?"

Antonia blushed, and laughed.

"I actually saw the faithful likeness of a  
gentleman of my acquaintance."

Ringsland looked puzzled.

"I must confess I was doubtful on that sub-  
ject; but if you saw your future happiness,  
why—my faithfulness is shaken a little."

Antonia made no reply; she was busy with  
her thoughts just then.

Ringsland dispelled them, roughly.

"Where's Agate? I want to hear what  
Agate heard or saw. Oh, yes—she gave up  
the idea, you say. Isn't that singular? She  
was very anxious last night. Agate—I want  
you—come here."

He caught a glance of her as she was passing  
the window; his commanding voice was not  
one that Agate could disobey; so, with a fierce  
tug of pain at her heart, she went in, resolved  
never to tell him, while Antonia resolved she  
should.

Ringsland greeted her gayly.

"I verily believe you are not sick, but jeal-  
ous, Miss Agate May. Confess—or—"

But Agate did not laugh back at him; in-  
stead, the deathly pallor increased from brow  
to chin.

"Don't, Mr. Ringsland—please don't! I am  
sick—don't you see I am?"

She extended one hand in a sort of wistful  
entreaty that touched him.

"I think you are, child. I was cruel to  
tease you; forgive—"

Why, Miss Haven—I beg pardon, but I am astonished to find this in  
your possession."

For, from Antonia's pocket, as she drew forth  
her handkerchief, there fell, face up, a photo-  
graph of himself—with his name pencilled un-  
derneath, and "For Aggie," following the  
name.

It was slightly tinged with red, as if a pow-  
der had been dusted over it, then erased as  
thoroughly as possible.

Antonia made a futile effort to obtain it, but  
he succeeded in reaching it.

He held it up, a strange, grave surprise on  
his features, as he turned to Agate.

"Is this the way you use the gift I sent you?  
I did not think you would give my picture even  
to your friend, Miss Haven."

Agate sprang toward him, her lips parted in  
astounded surprise.

"Oh, Vaughan—Mr. Rings